

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE great event of the week is the surrender of Metz and the entire army of Bazaine, which took place on the 27th of October. This is another Sedan and another Strasbourg in one, if we take Napoleon for no more than he was worth on the 1st of September. The figures of the captures, unparalleled in all history, are perfectly stupendous: three marshals, three corps commanders, forty division generals, a hundred brigadier-generals, sixty-seven infantry regiments, thirty-six cavalry regiments, thirty-one battalions of chasseurs and depot troops, one hundred and fifteen field-batteries, seventeen batteries of mitrailleuses, and thousands of position guns. The total number of sound prisoners is stated to be 140,000, all that is left of the 230,000 commanded by Bazaine on the 14th of August, when he began his disastrous retreat from the right bank of the Moselle. The battle of that day, those of Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, a number of sorties, and diseases—the consequence of scanty food—destroyed or disabled the other 90,000. Whether the ravages of disease and the scarcity of food within the walls and camps were so terrible as the first somewhat sensational reports received depict them, and actually rendered a longer resistance impossible, will soon be revealed. The French, in their first burst of grief and shame, have no hesitation in branding Marshal Bazaine's capitulation as an act of treason; and their histories, even in calmer moments, may continue thus to stigmatize it. Impartial observers will at least severely condemn the strategy—whether it was Bazaine's or Napoleon's—which made it possible to the victors to stop in its retreat, to beat and force back, to isolate and imprison, so vast an army in its own country. The Prussians themselves will justly inscribe this unexampled achievement, executed with a strategical precision and a staunch perseverance the merits of which no French blunders can diminish, among the greatest marvels of military history.

How little, however, the Prussians are inclined to rest on their laurels, and slacken their operations, is shown by the fact of one of the corps of their army before Metz receiving orders to break camp even before the capitulation was finally concluded. The two hundred thousand of that army will now spread in every direction, reducing the neighboring fortresses—of which Longwy and Mézières are first to be besieged—preventing the formation, announced by General Bourbaki, of an army in the North, strengthening the besieging camps around Paris, and chiefly increasing the forces operating on the Loire and against Lyons. That all further resistance, in the field, by compact French bodies, is henceforward impossible, is now evident to everybody, and King William has accordingly begun to distribute the highest rewards of victory. General von Moltke, the great planner of the campaign, who on the day preceding the surrender of Bazaine completed his seventieth year, has been created a count, and the Princes "Fritz" and Frederic Charles, of whom the former commanded before Sedan and the latter reduced Metz, have each received a field-marshal's baton. In the same pleasant mood the King has ordered General von Falkenstein to remove all obstacles, imposed by the state of siege, in the way of free voting in the pending elections for the national assemblies of North Germany, to allow public political meetings, and to release all persons arrested for violating the former restrictive regulations. We also hear that Prussia has promised Denmark to fulfil the so long disregarded stipulation of the Treaty of Prague in regard to the restitution of North Schleswig, and has announced to the Government at Madrid her readiness to acknowledge Amadeus of Aosta, if elected, as King of Spain, unmindful of the Hohenzollern candidature. On the other hand, we hear that the negotiations for the final settlement of the general affairs of Germany are soon to be crowned by the unanimous proclamation, north and south of the Main, of William of Prussia as Emperor of Germany. This will probably

not take place before Paris opens her gates. She was summoned to do this on the fall of Metz, and the refusal, if persisted in, is to be followed by a bombardment, for which all the preparations are said to have been completed. The city is beginning seriously to feel the hardships of the siege, but as late as Oct. 28 Trochu continued to make warlike demonstrations, a sortie on that day driving back the German outposts at Le Bourget, east of St. Denis. The French fortified the position thus gained, which was, however, retaken by the besiegers on the 30th, after a hot but decisive fight.

Whether the news of the surrender of Bazaine will ultimately have the effect of making the Parisians, both people and Government, inclined to yield to the dictates of common sense, at the last sacrifice of national pride and vanity, can as yet only be guessed at; for the doings in the besieged capital are now more than ever wrapt in impenetrable obscurity. The first impression produced by the announcement of the catastrophe at Tours and in the regions not immediately threatened by the armies of invasion, seems to have been one of patriotic rage, and loud vent is given in proclamations, resolutions, and addresses to the determination to die rather than submit to the terms of the conqueror. The proclamation issued by Crémieux, Glais-Bizoin, and Gambetta, though calling upon the French nation "to rise above misfortune," has the merit of announcing almost the full extent of the disaster, and, among others, the saddest of truths, namely, that the corrupting power of Imperialism, to which France submitted for twenty years, "extinguished in her the springs of greatness and of life." From "the extremity of misfortune" they expect the renovation of the nation's "political and social morality and manhood"—and they expect it now, forgetting, or feigning to forget, that the history of the two months that have elapsed since the day of Sedan does not warrant even the faintest belief in the possibility now of a national revival so sudden and so powerful as to save the honor and integrity of the country. While Tours resounds with patriotic oaths and exhortations, the French camps in its vicinity offer a disheartening spectacle of weakness, both material and moral, and in no part of France is any display of energy visible corresponding to "the fearful height of the perils" which have broken upon her. Besides some slight successful skirmishes reported from the neighborhoods of Amiens and Chartres, we hear only of one considerable French success, said to have been achieved between Besançon and Montbéliard—and this decidedly lacks confirmation, the report coming from Switzerland, and the capture of Dijon by the Prussians, on Sunday last, proving that the advance of the latter on Lyons is unchecked, and takes place through the valley of the Saône, and not through that of the Doubs, which the Basle news seems to imply. Garibaldi is with a very small force in Dôle, on the last-named river, and, as stated by a *Tribune* correspondent, rather low in spirits. The French army facing the Prussian forces south of Orléans seems to be shifting its position from the vicinity of Salbris, between that city and Bourges, to the left, towards Blois and Vendôme, with the object of covering Tours. A considerable concentration of Gardes Mobiles is taking place in Maine and Brittany.

What is the object of holding Paris, now that Metz has fallen, and that all hope of raising the siege by assistance from any army outside has absolutely vanished, it would be hard to say. "The Army of the Loire" is, of course, as we have often said, a shadowy and half-organized body, which a division of Prussians is sufficient to scatter. The formation of anything worthy of the name of an army in any part of France has, indeed, become impossible in the presence of the large force which the Germans now have disposable. The pretence which the Provisional Government is keeping up of being able to accomplish anything more in the field against the invaders is simply—to speak plainly—a piece of cowardly imposition on a credulous and excitable people. What they can accomplish, and what they are fast accomplishing by their irregular levies and bombastic proclamations and "Francs-tireurs," is the total destruction of French industry and the dissolution of the social

bonds among a people singularly dependent on the administrative machine for the preservation of order. The calling in of Garibaldi, after his incapacity against good regular troops had been demonstrated both in the campaign of 1859 and his raid on Rome, is a melancholy evidence of the broken-down condition of the French morale. General Trochu, indeed, in his famous book, cites Garibaldi as an illustration of the worthlessness of irregular troops in great modern wars, and Gouvion St. Cyr gives an awful account, in which Napier heartily concurs with him, of the influence of guerillas in Spain in producing complete social disorganization and filling the country with robbers. Thousands, we may be sure, who begin as *Francs-tireurs* in France, will soon become common brigands, and very few there will be of them but will, if the struggle last long, return to a peaceful life after having suffered irreparable injury, both moral and mental.

We do not venture to predict that Paris will fall within the present month, but it is difficult to see what is to prevent it. The most sanguine and boastful of the French chiefs has never pretended that it was provisioned for more than two months, and it has now been six weeks cut off from communication with the outer world. It is pretty certain that the army and people are both on short rations—and short rations, of course, mean severe suffering to the large body of delicate persons which must exist in a population of a million and a-half. There will, no doubt, too, be great loss of life from this cause long before the extreme point of endurance has been reached by the majority. Count Bismarck has called attention, in a circular to the German ministers at foreign courts, to the terrible consequences which are likely to result from a prolongation of the resistance to the starving point. The railroads and canals have been destroyed by the French for many miles in all directions from Paris, so that on the day on which the city surrenders from lack of food there will of course be nearly two millions of people on the verge of perishing, and no means of supplying them in less than a week, if so soon. The mere contemplation of such a possibility ought to be sufficient to put an end to the barbarous practice of enclosing populous cities in fortified lines, of which the French have in this war given us three examples—Paris, Metz, and Strasbourg. The only good military reason for making Paris an entrenched camp is, that it is not only the seat of Government, as London and Berlin are, but that Frenchmen have been accustomed by two centuries of minute centralization to look on it as the only possible seat of Government. The consequence is that its fall into an enemy's hands is equivalent in the popular eyes to the loss of everything. The remedy is to throw the provinces more on their own resources, by teaching them the art of local self-government. If the Republic will do this, it will not only do much for the national character, but render the Paris fortifications useless. The best defences of the capital are not *enceintes* and outlying forts, but unconquerable and self-reliant hearts in Brittany, and Normandy, and Picardy, and Languedoc, and Auvergne.

It is to be presumed, of course, that the members of the Provisional Government know their own countrymen, and that, when they loudly accuse Bazaine, and, indeed, nearly every other officer who fails in high command, of treason, they have reason to believe that the accusation, whether true or false, will stimulate the popular ardor. But to the foreign looker-on, who sees that the great difficulty in the way of organizing new French armies is the profound distrust of all commanders, great and small, entertained by the levies, it would seem as if this perpetual crying of treason was as good service as could possibly be rendered to the invader. Organization is impossible as long as all but universal distrust of military men pervades the community. There is not the least reason to suppose that any French generals have really been guilty of treachery in the present war, shameful as have been the *insouciance* and incompetency of a great many of them. The Provisional Government seems to forget, too, that it is impossible to accuse a man like Bazaine, whom it was only a fortnight ago lauding to the skies, of betraying his country, without producing in the minds of all foreigners a profound sense of the thorough rottenness of French society. If a French soldier of forty years' standing—a "Marshal of France" to boot—can make up his mind to surrender a great fortress and a great army to the enemy for anything the enemy can give him,

people not unnaturally will conclude that the country which can produce such a moral monster can hardly be worth saving.

On the 9th of October, amid great rejoicing at Florence, a Roman deputation presented to the King the result of the plebiscitum. His reply was remarkable for not alluding to the transfer of the capital, which last month was announced to take place immediately, with a rashness which the Ministry have since had leisure to repent of. The fact is, there are no accommodations at Rome, even of a temporary character, for the Government, and if the proper buildings were to be erected, a space of two or three years would be required. The Government, on other accounts, would be not unwilling to postpone removal. They have undertaken to guarantee the Pope's independence, but it is not so easy to see how they will accomplish this, or how they can reconcile it with the presence of the King in the same city. Giving the former a separate post-office and telegraph office, as has been done, does nothing to settle the difficulty, which on the one hand may involve international obligations, and on the other affects the relations of parties in the Peninsula. As good advice as has yet been offered the Government by its own friends appears to be this: to leave the Romans and the Pope to adjust themselves to each other for a few years, the capital remaining where it is until the new provinces have had time to be educated in liberty, and to indicate the natural solution of the Papal question. The Pope, however, is only a part of the Roman elephant. His debts being annexed along with his territory, the deficit of the Italian budget will be increased by about three millions of dollars in the shape of interest and necessary outlay for various purposes of administration, and the Romans have yet to be tested in regard to their endurance of taxation. Their behavior, however, thus far, has been very generally complimented, and they are said to have exhibited a greater aptitude for organization than that possessed by any other part of the population. On the day of voting, they marched to the electoral urns by guilds and companies, with appropriate banners, as if they had been used to it for centuries.

What effect the surrender of Metz will have upon the success of the new French loan now being negotiated—or should we say offered?—in London, it is dangerous to foretell in this age of financial as of military surprises. The news concerning this loan, although it is announced as introduced by the highly respectable Anglo-American banking firm of J. S. Morgan & Co., seems as yet to partake somewhat of the character of the French postal arrangements generally, being slightly airy and indefinite. On the 24th, it was first announced by telegraph that ten millions of sterling bonds bearing 6 per cent. interest would be offered at 85 (about 14 per cent. less than our 6 per cent. are selling at), and it was "believed that it would be promptly taken up." Nevertheless, the buoyancy in the London stock market was checked by the announcement. On the 25th, the city was excited, "the loan project is received with great favor, and the subscriptions to it are of very large amount already." On the 26th, "books of subscription have been opened in seventy out of the eighty-nine departments of France," and "the success of the loan is now assured." On the 27th, "the prospects are said to be very favorable," since when we are without any additional information from this excellent source. The aspect of the London money-market—scarcely, however, owing to the French loan of fifty millions of dollars—is certainly somewhat less favorable, and prices, including American securities, have slightly declined. But there is nothing as yet to indicate any important change.

In our own markets, neither war nor peace seems to produce any influence worth noting, although the varying rumors of peace created some little excitement in the cotton market, with a general tendency to greater firmness in spite of liberal receipts and favorable crop prospects. Breadstuffs continue unchanged, the supply being rather in excess of the export demand, the latter being limited by a deficient supply of shipping and high freights. General trade is not active—many articles, especially groceries, being affected by the new tariff which comes into force January 1, before when many people will not lay in supplies. Coal, much to the satisfaction of all classes, has materially declined. The most interesting feature of general business at

the present time is the condition of real estate, which has been largely dealt in during the week, and generally at lower prices, some large pieces of unimproved property having been sold for one-fourth of what they would have brought a year ago; which must be very encouraging to the insurance and other companies, who have been advancing money on mortgage of similar property to the extent of one-third or one-half its recent market value. Money continues easy, although some efforts have been made to render it artificially scarce. Stocks are dull and without any speculative movement, interested reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Business all over the world appears to be gradually settling down into a far more steady state than it has ever been in since the influence of the great California and Australian gold discoveries first began to be felt in the markets; and as business becomes too tame to absorb all the activity and ambition of fiery spirits, there are indications in other quarters as well as in New York City that public affairs are about to receive some portion of the attention to which they are fairly entitled.

The correspondence between the President and Secretary Cox has been published, and confirms all we have said with regard to the causes of the retirement of the latter from the Cabinet, and puts an end, we hope, to the spread of the impudent invention that it was due to personal reasons. It is, however, on the whole, rather melancholy reading. Mr. Cox says, in plain terms, that his attempts at reforming in his department had roused against him the hostility of the politicians to a degree which might prove embarrassing to the Administration, and that therefore he had, for the President's peace and comfort, better go. The President does not gainsay this statement of the facts of the case, does not offer to support his reforming Secretary against his enemies, and does not even allude to the reasons given by Mr. Cox for his withdrawal, but simply utters a commonplace expression of good-will, and bids him good-by in terms such as would be appropriate if Mr. Cox had been simply taking him for a fast drive on a plank road.

We believe there is little doubt that Mr. Fish will follow Mr. Cox early in the winter, and for similar reasons, and then General Grant will be fairly under the control of the old hands, and without, as we have remarked once before, that familiarity with the ways of politicians and that share of their low cunning which kept even such men as Pierce and Buchanan from getting into worse scrapes than they *did* get into. It would be difficult to imagine a more deplorable termination not only to General Grant's administration, but to his public career. He was elected as emphatically an independent President, but the fact is that he has sunk rather deeper in the mire of abuse than any of his predecessors, except Andrew Johnson. The compensation for all this is found in the fact that nothing has yet happened which has fixed public attention so strongly on the necessity of a reform in the civil service as Mr. Cox's failure and resignation. It is now plain that it will not do to trust even to the most promising President, and that a system must be enforced by law which will save honest officers from being made the victims of the wretched gang who have driven Mr. Cox from the Department of the Interior. We do not remember to have seen on any similar question an expression of indignation from the press so nearly unanimous. The thing for Mr. Cox to do now, is to get home to Ohio, and make a clean breast of it before his neighbors; and the thing for his neighbors to do, and everybody else, is to agitate the question till we have the reform of which he has been one of the martyrs.

The most striking political event of the week has been the production by the Democrats of Fisk as an orator, at a ratification meeting, at which such men as Belmont, the banker, and Horatio Seymour figured also, apparently without shame. Fisk's remarks, which were loudly applauded, were in every way characteristic and curiously full of a droll contempt both for the laws and morals of the society in which he lives. He did not say in express terms that he considered the whole machinery of popular elections a humbug, but he indicated it very clearly. The incident was altogether striking and suggestive, and we commend it to the attention of all the moralists, philanthropists, and political philosophers in the country. Fisk is not the pro-

duct of "caste," about which so many of these gentlemen are troubled in mind; he is the product of corruption, dishonesty, falsehood, and chicanery, and you can't get rid of him, or the like of him, simply through "equality" or the ballot.

We said recently that some of the Woman's Suffrage champions seemed inclined not to wait for the Republicans to insert their plank in the party platform, "but were determined to have their plank in some platform or other, and accordingly talked of carrying it to the Democrats, and seeing what they would do." The *Woman's Journal* alleges of this statement "that it would be difficult to condense into the same space a greater amount of untruth than is contained in it," being apparently exasperated into this strong language by our deduction from this and other things that the female leaders of the movement "were displaying a remarkable capacity for a low order of political intrigue." It quotes, in proof of its charge, three resolutions passed at a meeting at the Tremont Temple, in Boston. The first binds "the friends of Woman's Suffrage not to support any candidate for a State or local office who is not in favor of Woman's Suffrage;" and, where no such candidate is nominated, "to nominate and support independent candidates of their own." The second instructs a committee to ask the Republican and Democratic Conventions to insert Woman's Suffrage planks in their platforms. The third directs all friends of the movement to meet in their districts and work for the election of Woman's Suffrage members of the Legislature. With regard to the pleasing little charge of condensed falsehood, therefore, which the writer in the *Journal* brings against us, all that the tenderness of our nature will allow us to say of it, after reading the above resolutions, is that it amazed us; but we may add that nothing of this kind will amaze us much longer.

Anybody who peeps "inside politics" in Massachusetts just now will there witness a fearful scene. As soon as Wendell Phillips got in, extraordinary noises began to issue from the premises, accompanied by dust, tufts of hair, and pieces of coat-tail, and now the bursting open of the door from within has revealed a shocking struggle to the heartless gaze of the worldlings outside. Wendell Phillips is laying on lustily in company with his friend, one Cummings, a "labor reformer," who, according to Mr. Frank Bird, sold the "labor reform" votes to the Hartford and Erie Ring, last winter, for money which he is now using in the present "labor reform campaign," and Mr. Bird challenges Cummings to come into court, where he says he will prove it, or pay Cummings "more money than he ever earned by honest labor." But Wendell Phillips says Mr. Bird belongs to a club of base "managers" who meet in a "grog-shop," whom he describes in terms which, if true, would prove them a disgrace to humanity; wherefore Bird says Phillips has "either lost his wit or memory, or is a deliberate liar," and he is now publishing a series of articles on Phillips in the *Boston Journal*. "Warrington," of the *Springfield Republican*, is publishing another series, and the beauty of the affair is that they have at last got to accusing each other of "lying." The fact is, however, that Mr. Phillips is now doing to the Radical chiefs in Boston what he has been for some time doing to a good many other people; and as these chiefs enjoyed it as long as they had him on their side, we believe that most honest men take satisfaction in seeing him rub their own gunpowder into their wounds. A vituperator and falsifier is always a dangerous animal to train and use, for there is no knowing the day he will turn on his masters. Wendell Phillips has not for ten years rendered any better service to the world than pour forth spicy but incoherent abuse of anybody who caught his attention as he ran along, or the cut of whose coat he did not like, and without any more regard to the correctness of his assertions than Brignoli has for the sense of the libretto. The revelations that his old backers are now making, that he says one thing at one time and another at another, and does not care what he says at any time, is simply a confession of their own fatuity or of something worse, and the world owes them no sympathy either in their sorrow or indignation. Truth, we trust, they will hereafter remember, is not a bit too good for the service of any cause. We hope nobody will separate the combatants until all the crockery and furniture of the establishment are broken. "Politics" will gain by their ferocity, and so will other and better things.

THE IMMEDIATE PROSPECT IN FRANCE.

IN judging of the expediency of the persistence of the Germans in prosecuting the war, after the French have suffered what every military man knows and acknowledges to be irremediable defeat, we have no right to consider the conflict now raging as having been begun in July last. Those who say that King William ought to have been, and might safely have been, satisfied with his victory of Sedan, can only have reached this conclusion by shutting their eyes to the whole of French history during the century and a half previous to the battle of Wörth, and by carefully refraining from any examination of French character. As a matter of fact, the absorption of enough of German soil to make the Rhine the eastern frontier of France has been the one fixed object in French policy since the accession of Louis XIV. No régime or dynasty has since dared to abandon it openly. Napoleon I. attained it; Charles X. felt it was necessary to recur to it, and had in contemplation an active effort for it when he was dethroned. Louis Philippe owed much of his unpopularity to his having failed to keep it more prominently in view, instead of turning the national attention to Algeria. The Second Empire, almost as soon as it was founded, began talking of it in pamphlets, maps, speeches, and articles. If anybody will look at the debates in the French Chamber in 1866-7, he will find the battle of Sadowa, which apparently rendered the realization of the scheme impossible, treated by all parties as one of the greatest calamities which ever befell France; and, indeed, the unification of Germany, and the consequent strengthening of its hold on the Rhine, made such a mournful impression on the French mind that the Emperor felt that the safety of his dynasty required him, if possible, to put a stop to it. Had King William, therefore, marched home after Sedan, he could only have justified himself to the German people by being able to show that the French had abandoned an ideal which had been cherished by six generations of the rich and poor, learned and simple, simply because Prussia had inflicted a terrible humiliation on French arms in a struggle in which the feelings of all Frenchmen were so far enlisted as to lead Jules Favre, the leader of the Republicans, to talk the other day of Bazaine, one of the most unprincipled and guilty tools of the Empire, as "our glorious Bazaine."

But to make this theory even plausible, he would have had to go further back, and show that there had occurred in the French character a change so great as to make the people bear serious defeats with perfect equanimity, and look on them as inflicted on them by the chastening hand of Providence as a punishment for their sins and to disgust them with military glory—that is, with the thing which has had for two centuries almost undivided possession of the national heart; for the sake of which, when just emerged from a great revolt against a degrading tyranny in 1794, they deliberately submitted for twenty years to one still bloodier and more degrading, and actually learned to love it so much that the man who was overthrown at Sedan owed his elevation to the popular remembrance of it. That any such change had occurred in French character nobody pretends—not even those who criticise the Prussians most severely. The sole reason they give for desiring Bismarck to trust the frantic promises offered by Favre on behalf of the French people, is that it would be a handsome, kind thing to do, and sound well at public meetings. But the man who did it, and who—when, ten or fifteen years later, France had recovered from her comparatively slight injuries, and her broken armies had returned home to madden the people with stories of the way they had been betrayed by their generals and of the humiliations inflicted on them by the Germans, and opposition orators and poets had begun to fire the popular heart against the government of the day by cries for vengeance on Prussia—turned to the German people for levies to resist a fresh French onslaught on the Rhine, would be a bold and bad man if he could look without wincing in the face the widows and orphans of those who fell at Forbach and Wörth and Gravelotte. No German statesman dare end such a war with such a people by a merely romantic peace. If an American statesman did such a thing, the denunciations of those who are now railing against William and Bismarck would rend the ceiling of every hall in the land.

There may be, of course, a great variety of opinions as to the nature of the guarantees the Germans should exact. We have already given

several reasons for thinking the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine cruel and inexpedient. But it is safe to say that no arrangement which left the fortresses of Metz and Strasbourg standing, and in French hands, would be fair and satisfactory. After having stood so long as a menace to German peace, they ought to be levelled or taken away from those who have misused them. To make any peace lasting and effective, too, it would, in the absence of a government sure of the confidence of the French people, be folly to stop the war before the mass of Frenchmen had felt its effects, and were acquainted with its general results.

After the battle of Sedan, what with rage, and with the persistent falsehood and misrepresentation of the Government in Paris, and the bombast of the poets, novelists, and rhetoricians, the French people did not know the full extent of the disaster which had overtaken them. Paris was waiting for the Prussians, "the thunder in her hand," as Hugo said; the *Francs-tireurs* were going to cut their communications and slaughter them in detail; the Uhlans were "weeping," as they rode about the country, at the thought that none of their comrades would ever see Germany again; and, above all, "the Army of the Loire" was organizing, and "the glorious Bazaine" was holding Prince Frederick Charles in a grasp of steel, till he could get at him and finish him, after having massacred the Crown Prince on the way. There could be no permanent or honorable peace made till this mendacious fog had been cleared away, and the French people were brought once again face to face with the cold, stern, but wholesome truth of the situation.

But even when all France knows, what the world now knows, of its own condition, there would still remain a serious difficulty in the way of anybody who, having vanquished her, proposed to form with her a lasting peace. This difficulty lies in the serious deterioration which, no matter how, has apparently taken place in French society, and which the events of the last five months have brought to light. In the first place, there is something positively childish in the attempts one constantly hears, and which the Republican leaders are now busily making, to establish a broad distinction between the Empire and the nation. All governments not imposed by foreign force are the products of the society over which they rule. There are plenty of unscrupulous adventurers in every civilized country like Louis Napoleon, Morny, and Fleury, who would like to get hold of the government, and make themselves emperors and dukes, and to use the public treasury for their private needs. But in no other civilized country, it is safe to say, could such a gang have done what they did in France. There would everywhere else be enough conscience, and honor, and pride in the people, if not to overthrow them at once by force of arms, to overwhelm them with such hatred and indignation as would make their rule impossible.

In France, they found, after one small fight in the streets of one city, complete and passive obedience. In one short month after their crime, they obtained the popular condonation of it by an overwhelming majority of votes. They afterwards obtained another when the nature of their system had become well known, and the character of its founder been fully revealed. All this did not prove that the Empire was the government best suited to the French people—the ruin it has left behind it shows that it was not—but it makes it somewhat absurd to deny that the French people were responsible for it; and we confess we do not remember a piece of quibbling in every way less respectable than the pretence one constantly hears put forward, that because the people did not approve of the present war by a formal vote, therefore the Germans ought to treat it as a quarrel with the Emperor individually, and sheathe their swords on taking possession of his body. The people approved and upheld for eighteen years the government which engaged in the war, well knowing its character and tendencies; and the doctrine that, under these circumstances, they can avoid the consequences of its blunders and defeats when quite ready to profit by its triumphs, would not simply be something new in international law, but would, perhaps, prove in practice as fruitful a source of political immorality as was ever opened. The follies and barbarities by which the French people avenged its first checks were, too, a sorry preparation for the plea which they now put forward. Nothing more cruel and inhuman has ever been committed since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, than the expulsion from France of the 80,000 peaceable and inoffensive Germans—a distinctly popular act, which followed the news

of Forbach and Wörth. It was worthily succeeded by weeks of "spy-hunting" which would have dishonored Turks, and by which dozens of helpless foreigners were done to death, not one voice being all this while raised for peace. Bad as was the mendacity of the Empire, too, it is safe to say the mendacity of the Republic has far surpassed it; and small as was the control over the resources of the country which the Emperor appears to have exercised when he went into the field, and insane as were the delusions which he appears to have cherished and spread about the strength of the enemy, it certainly cannot be said that in either of these particulars he outdid his republican successors.

It is undoubtedly the interest of civilization that France should be both great and free, and that her people are capable, with time and harmony, of being both one and the other, nobody can doubt. But they are not true friends of hers who seek to hide from her, now, the extent of her own weakness, and the real nature of the defects which have brought her to her knees before the invader. That these defects are, in the main, moral, nobody can deny. The Empire was born not of force only, but of ignorance, want of principle, want of courage, and want of truthfulness; and any foreign nation which, having suffered from it, and having overthrown it, is called on to make peace with the community which produced it, may well be pardoned if it asks for stronger guarantees than the verbal protestations of those who six months ago confirmed the hero of the *coup d'état* and of the Mexican war on the throne by an overwhelming vote. The fact which has recently been revealed, that the poor man whom this vote crowned for the second time found no difficulty in getting the President of the Court of Cassation—the French equivalent of the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, or the Lord Chief-Justice of England—to act as a go-between to negotiate, with a concubine, his release from the paternity of an illegitimate child, gives one a glimpse into a moral abyss which must, in some way, be filled before France can find real political repose, or win the hearty sympathy of those who have—as who has not?—the strongest admiration for the many great qualities of her people and a real human pride in the glories of her history.

THE CANADA BANKS AND THE USURY LAWS.

We have repeatedly pointed out in these columns the fact as well as the cause of the great decline in speculation everywhere and of every kind. Speculation is nothing but a more or less successful attempt to reap advantage from a correct discernment of the fluctuations of prices likely to result from natural causes. Wherever in a civilized community natural causes produce violent fluctuations in prices, there will be much speculation, and then speculation is not only justifiable on the strictest grounds of public or private morality, but becomes positively beneficial, by anticipating the fluctuations, preparing for them, and thus actually preventing or moderating them. The moment the natural causes cease to operate, that moment speculation declines and becomes reduced again to its minimum amount.

There is an entirely different class of operations, which is apt to be confounded with speculation, which indeed grows out of speculation, and which has been the main cause of the general disrepute in which speculation is commonly held, but which is in reality no more necessarily connected with speculation than breaking into a bank vault is with the art of safe-making. If there had been no safe, there would be no temptation for the burglar; if the construction of safes did not become known to burglars and their associates in the process of making them, it would be almost impossible for burglars to break them open. So it is with the operations we refer to. Were there no speculation, could the position of speculative markets be kept a close secret, it would be impossible to do what has in the last few years become known, in contradistinction to speculation, as "manipulating the market." This manipulating of markets, which, though not a crime in the eye of the law, is yet nothing but sheer robbery, comprises operations and combinations of such variety and complexity that it would require columns to give even an imperfect description of them. Some of the schemes have become historical. Nolte's great manipulation of the cotton-market is still remembered by men now living. Two or three

bright campaigns in the early days of the great California crash, one or two Chicago corners in grain, the gigantic Harlem harvest credited to Mr. Vanderbilt, the Erie swindle, and, *facile princeps*, the great gold bubble of September, 1869, are fresh in the memory of most of us. Almost all of these manipulations were based upon the existence of large speculative operations, intimately known to the prime manipulators, and out of which they expected to reap their profit. Wall Street, as the great centre of speculation of every description, has naturally been more exposed to these manipulations than any other market. But speculation in Wall Street being more thoroughly dead than it is everywhere else, manipulations there have become next to impossible. There are, however, men who, blind to the fact that all their power, all their wealth, all their unscrupulousness, cannot affect prices without the aid of natural causes, still believe that they can fleece the community, even when the latter refuse to deal with them. Two or three of these men, who are noted only for an occasional and open defeat of their nefarious plans, are now engaged in a manipulation of this kind, which would not deserve notice were it not that it threatens to have a most injurious influence upon the entire financial community in a direction perfectly indifferent to these professional tricksters, but of the utmost possible importance to the entire community, as well as to New York City.

It appears that one of these manipulators, in anticipation of a natural or artificial rise in railway and other stocks, had purchased a very large amount of these stocks, with the intention of selling them at the advance. There being few or no dealings in stocks, the market refused to rise except when the brokers of this "bull" manipulator bought for the purpose of putting up the price. At the same time, another manipulator, in anticipation of a natural or artificial decline in these same stocks, had sold a large amount of them, with the intention of buying them back as soon as prices should go down. The same absence of dealings which prevented prices from going up prevented prices from coming down, and the two manipulators thus stand face to face prepared for battle, each one counting on the events which refuse to come to the aid of either. All Wall and Broad Street stand idly by to watch this fight between a dark, hidden, half-mysterious, silent spider and a gay, lusty, pugnacious, bright-colored blue-bottle fly—the one from his marvellous den weaving dangerous, tennacious webs, the other boldly tearing them aside, trusting to his active wings to escape the meshes.

But now another element appears upon the scene, which alone lends dignity to this petty fight. At this season of the year two changes take place in the affairs of commerce. Our import merchants pay their debts abroad by buying bills of exchange upon London. These bills are drawn principally by foreign banking-houses (who are not, however, as many people think, foreigners, but mainly Americans engaged in banking with foreign countries) upon their correspondents in London, payable sixty days after the time when they are first presented to the London house. These bills, when drawn by responsible firms on well-known English bankers, although not due for sixty days, are almost as good as cash to the holder, for they can be readily discounted at the low rates of interest (two or three per cent. per annum) now prevailing there. The drawer here is not, however, obliged to pay the banker on the other side until the bill is due, so that if at any time within the sixty days he sends over bills drawn by other parties here (which can in their turn be readily discounted), he complies fully with his obligation to his correspondent. Now, at this season of the year we commence the export of our principal staple, cotton, which annually pays for one-half our imports. Sixty days from now, we shall be shipping large amounts of it to Europe, when the shippers will be drawing bills in large sums upon their customers there for the cost of the cotton. These bills will be bought by the foreign banking-houses here, and remitted to their correspondents in London in payment of the bills drawn by them to-day and sold by them to the merchandise importer, who has his debts to pay abroad. It is evident that the foreign banker who carries out this operation in reality borrows money in London for sixty days and lends it here, for although he does not actually bring any money here, he gives to the importing merchant something which is just as good as money in London and without which

the importing merchant would be obliged to take the money, the actual cash gold, from here and send it to Europe by steamer. This, then, is one of the two changes that take place in financial affairs about this season—foreign banking-houses lend European capital here, and thereby save this market from the temporary withdrawal of its own capital which would otherwise be inevitable.

It is not to be presumed that these foreign banking-houses carry on this operation from motives of philanthropy—indeed, they derive very handsome profits from the operation, in a way which we will not now stop to explain; but it is very certain that, while deriving a just and liberal advantage themselves, they are at the same time materially and largely benefiting the entire community. For, in the first place, if the bills were not drawn by them, the importer would have to send the gold, and after a little while the cotton-exporter would have to bring it back again, at a double and unnecessary expense, which ultimately would have to be borne by the cotton-planter on one hand, and the buyer of imported merchandise on the other. In the second place, if the gold were shipped away to Europe, it would largely aggravate that other change in financial affairs which we are now about to explain.

About this season the supply of gold is generally at its lowest point. During the summer months we are at all times exporting more or less of it. The production of it is frequently diminished by the dry weather, which stops the essential water supply. The Pacific coast, instead of sending us gold, pays us in bills drawn upon London for California wheat sent to Liverpool and Havre. The merchants have been large buyers of gold to pay duties on their summer importations, and the Treasury has paid out nothing for four months, as during that time no interest falls due. For these various reasons, gold at this season always becomes scarce. If, therefore, the importers were obliged at this time to buy gold for export to pay their debts, which would be the case if the foreign bankers did not draw on London as described, we should probably witness at this season of the year complications of the most serious kind, violent fluctuations in the price of gold, and a consequent general disturbance of our entire foreign and domestic trade. It is, therefore, clearly true, as we have stated, that the drawing of these bills by the foreign bankers is an essential benefit to the entire community.

Now, the largest drawers of bills of this character are the resident agents or branches of some of the Canada banks, which are powerful corporations, controlling large capital of their own and of others, and consequently able to draw large amounts of bills. This fall, as usual, these Canada banks have been large sellers of bills to importers and others, in anticipation of buying sixty days hence, or during the next sixty days, the bills of cotton-exporters to remit to their London branches in payment. While waiting for the cotton to come forward and the bills against it to be drawn, these banks hold, of course, the entire amount of the money received from the importers for the bills sold them, frequently rising to very large figures, and reported now, but no doubt with exaggeration, in the case of one bank alone to exceed ten millions of dollars. This large sum of money the bank naturally lends out on interest until required to pay for the cotton bills which it expects to purchase subsequently, and it is from the high rates of interest which ordinarily prevail at this season (and which would be very materially higher if this money were not lent) that the bank derives the largest share of its profit by the operation. And thus it happens that about this season the Canada banks, as they are loosely designated, become the largest lenders of money in the market; and it is in this character that they become suddenly involved, as third party, in the "blue-bottle-and-spider" fight just referred to.

In a city like New York, where, in spite of our boasted wealth, loanable money is extremely scarce when wanted, and where, owing to habitual "high-pressure and small-margin" bank management the least increase in the demand, or the smallest diminution in the supply, leads to instant and serious perturbation, the temporary ownership or absolute control of even a much smaller sum than ten millions of actual cash is a tremendous power in affecting the prices of stocks; and naturally the two contestants eagerly sought the alliance of the Canada Bank manager, who seemed to them a very god of battles, holding

within his hand victory and defeat. The one party naturally sought his alliance so as to borrow his money, in order to buy more stocks and put up the prices. The other party, less naturally to outsiders, but quite as intelligibly to Wall Street, sought to borrow his money or to induce him not to lend it, in order to prevent his antagonist from getting it, and thus compel him to sell his stocks and put prices down. It is said that the manager of the largest Canada bank has not in the past always been prudent enough to keep clear from such entangling alliances, but that he has on this occasion been ever so remotely compromised remains to be seen. It is far more probable that he has lent money to both parties in turn—perhaps to both parties at the same time—and that each in turn has thought to wield the bank's entire power and influence. However this may be, one of the parties to the contest is evidently seeking to gain his object by involving the bank in another difficulty, which is the one that concerns the public in general, and which increases in importance from the fact that it seems likely to enlist considerable sympathy from the press and people, and may, if thoroughly agitated, lead to a repeal of one of the silliest and most mischievous enactments ever recorded upon our statutes.

The enactment we refer to is the usury law. It is highly probable, nay, all but certain, that during the eager contest for the money which the bank had to lend, the borrowers offered, and the bank may have accepted, more than seven per cent. annual interest, placing itself thereby in a very dangerous position for a corporation that has any money to lose, to wit, in the position of a desperate criminal in the eyes of our immaculate, efficient, and ever-watchful city officials. It is boldly given out, possibly only as a threat, that the farce of eighteen months ago, an indictment by the Grand Jury, is to be repeated, but this time with more serious determination, and already public sentiment is being officiously manufactured against the culprit, on the ground that he is, or represents, a foreign corporation, which "comes here to violate our laws and plunder our citizens." It is said that the same parties who were somewhat prominent in last year's prosecution have secured the aid of the same legal talent to convince the District Attorney of the necessity there is of vindicating the majesty of outraged law, and to arrange the ultimate compromise, should one be effected. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance to the entire city of New York of this scheme, should it ever be carried out. With a tariff to destroy our shipping, with an Opera-House manager to ruin the credit of our railroad enterprises in the markets of Europe, with a few more swindling usury prosecutions to drive foreign banking capital away from us, we may soon find ourselves at that goal before reaching which, Mr. Tweed is reported to have said, we shall never resist. "New York, sir, will stand anything while it has one dollar left, and the hope of making twenty-five cents more by dickering with it." Is it true?

BUSINESS MEN AS LEGISLATORS.

A PAPER by Mr. Hamilton A. Hill, of Boston, was read by Dr. Eliot before the Social Science Association at Philadelphia, on "The Relations of Business Men to National Legislation," which is, especially at this moment, deserving of more attention than it is likely to receive as merely a part of the discussions of a society commanding unfortunately but a limited share of public attention. The essential part of this paper commences with a statement which is not new to our readers, but which seems to be entirely lost sight of by the great majority of even the more thinking portion of our voters: "From this time forward," says Mr. Hill, "it will be incumbent upon Congress to devote its time and thought chiefly to material questions. What is the adaptation of Congress, as now constituted, for meeting such a responsibility? Sixty-one per cent. of the members of both Houses of Congress are members of the bar, while only twelve and one-half per cent. are connected with trade, transportation, or finance."

Few persons are aware to what an extent Mr. Hill's description of the future duties of Congress is correct. The seemingly vague term, "material questions," disguises to many minds his true meaning. He should perhaps have said, questions affecting the material welfare, the business prosperity, the income and expenditure, the profits and earnings, the bread and butter, as it were, of every citizen. It is unfortu-

nately true that, in a large measure, all these things are dependent upon the action of Congress in relation to measures which affect them all. The great war of the rebellion rendered necessary, or was at least thought to have rendered necessary, a series of Congressional enactments the result of which has been far different from what was anticipated; which have led to the most remarkable change in the distribution of wealth ever before accomplished without violence; which have entirely arrested the production of wealth in some directions, and in others have led to an unprofitable production; which nothing but the intelligence of our people and the amplitude of our resources have made possible without individual exhaustion and national prostration. It is these enactments that the people are determined to have changed. It is this change that now lies before Congress as its most imperative duty.

There can be no doubt of the correctness of Mr. Hill's statement of the issues to come before the Congress now elected; for the platforms of both leading parties, whether issued by Congressional committees or State committees, or more local organizations, give almost, without exception, most prominence to questions affecting the material welfare of the people. From a very imperfect list of the platforms issued during the pending canvass, we find that no less than eighteen make important planks of the tariff question, eleven take strong ground on the subject of the public lands, eight make an important issue of the national-bank privileges, five complain of legislation injuriously affecting our ship-building and navigation interests, almost every one has reference to the internal revenue, while only three make it a distinct issue. Only two demand a civil-service reform. While these platforms of themselves, or separately, are not entitled to overmuch consideration; while many of them display a profound ignorance of the true nature of the questions with which they attempt to deal; while some of them are contradictory in their various parts and inconsistent with themselves; and while our collection of them is quite imperfect—and a full list might materially change the result—yet the figures given show conclusively enough what questions the politicians at least thought were uppermost in the public mind, on what issues they could best hope to gain popular support. The politicians agree with Mr. Hill, and they are right. The questions now before the country are material ones.

Mr. Hill's conclusion is that, the questions now before the country being material ones, the best men to solve them are those who are most in the habit of dealing with material questions—the business men of the community. He proceeds to show, upon somewhat questionable data, that the business men of the community amount to eighteen per cent. of the whole, and that the entire wealth of the country is either produced by them or else is constantly passing through their hands—while they are represented in the councils of the nation by only twelve and one-half per cent. of the whole, against sixty-one per cent. of lawyers and twenty-six per cent. of all other professions. But here occurs a complete hiatus in the argument; for he does not attempt to prove that evil results from this imperfect representation, or that a more perfect representation is possible, or that merchants would necessarily make better legislators than lawyers. The speaker assumes that a more perfect representation of commercial interests by commercial men is highly desirable, and then goes on to show how that may be obtained. But it is precisely this assumption that we feel inclined to contest.

Judging by analogy, we should certainly not be disposed to look to business men for good legislation on business questions, since in a Congress consisting of sixty-one per cent. of lawyers, almost any work is better done than the regulation of legal proceedings or the administration of justice. The various Reconstruction Acts, and, above all, the Georgia Bill, were striking illustrations of the confusion which is allowed to make its way into legislation even under legal auspices; the spirit displayed by Congress in its actual and proposed legislation concerning the Supreme Court of the United States is a still better illustration; the Bankrupt Act, exclusively the work of Congressional lawyers, needs endless tinkering, and furnishes probably more business to our courts of law than any other statute; and, not to go further, the very enactments in which Congress expresses its own will on mis-

cellaneous subjects are frequently so imperfectly constructed as to accomplish results the very reverse of what was intended.

But if analogy leads us to doubt the superior fitness of men of any one occupation to legislate upon the interests of their class or of any other class, what is there in the training and experience of business men to make them an exception to this rule? Nothing whatever. From the earliest ages, when a merchant or a trader was an object of contempt to soldiers, priests, and princes, the mercantile community has been looked upon as the convenient victim of rapacious or necessitous rulers. Even to this day the commerce of all civilized countries is called upon to contribute the largest portion of the expenses of the state, and half the evils suffered by our people during the last ten years of war and war consequences are systematically attributed not by the ignorant only, but by those who ought to know better, to the trading portion of the people—from the hucksters that disturb the rest of the *Times* and the *Tribune*, through the foreign importers who absorb the profits of the interior dealers, to the bankers and brokers of Wall Street, who revel in their ill-gotten gains at the expense of every member of the rural districts, and in open violation of every rule of public and private morality. Since merchants have been merchants, they have been victims of law. Law has hampered them, regulated them, interfered with them, injured their business, and taxed them beyond all patience; and hence the one prominent sentiment regarding law in all business communities is, that it is almost certain to be inexpedient and to discriminate against them unjustly, but that it is useless to struggle against an overwhelming majority, and that all they can do is to adapt their business, as far as possible, to the laws as they find them, or else transfer their skill, knowledge, activity, enterprise, and capital to other fields of operation less injuriously affected by mischievous enactments. No one at all acquainted with men of business can fail to hear our assertion emphatically confirmed, or can have any difficulty in learning detailed cases of the immense injury inflicted upon business by legislation during the last few years alone.

It may be said that this is only another argument in favor of electing more business men to Congress, and apparently the argument is good. But we are considering the question of their fitness for legislation acquired by the training and experience of business, and we say that the habitual struggle with bad laws, the almost unavoidable contempt for all laws, and, worse than all, the daily necessity of seeking to adapt one's self to the consequences of injudicious legislation (and adaptation often means evasion) is the worst possible school for a law-maker.

There is another reason fully as weighty, and just as little thought of. Trade of all kinds is an endless succession of bargains, a ceaseless repetition of petty struggles between two individuals, each striving to get as much as possible, and to give as little. Whatever the nature of commercial, financial, or even of manufacturing business, it ultimately resolves itself into giving as little as possible and getting the largest possible return. Let us not be understood as joining in the silly outcry against bargaining or dickering. There is nothing dishonest or dishonorable in it; there is no deception connected with it; it is perfectly fair and aboveboard. But it is just the nature of trade that success in it depends upon always getting much and giving little. Of no other occupation is this true in the same degree. The lawyer—the more time, skill, study, and labor he gives to his clients' cases, the more likely he is to win; the more certainly his practice will increase. The mechanic, the artist—the better work they give, the better their pay. The farmer looks for larger crops from fields bountifully manured and industriously tilled. The physician, the clergyman, need no bargain to obtain their reward; their talent, their conscientious labor, bring prompt recognition and pecuniary advantage. The merchant alone at every stage of his career is compelled to keep up the daily struggle to give little and to get much. In no other occupation is it necessary to keep the ultimate gain so constantly before the eyes, and look so steadily at the profit in dollars and cents.

This habit, this necessity, while it creates men of clear, practical insight, of incessant industry, of rapid decision, men of much knowledge of men and of much knowledge of things, at the same time diminishes the ability to look on any subject except for its prospective profit; it

disables men, incessantly occupied in the study of their own interests, from examining, much less understanding, the interests of others; it incapacitates them for deep thought on all questions the direct, practical results of which are not readily visible; it produces the habit of considering the entire community as engaged in incessant trade, where each one is supposed to be capable of driving his own bargain, and thereby fosters the belief that no consideration is due to the helpless, feeble, or ignorant.

The very first quality of a legislator should be unselfishness; not only the minor principle which prevents a man from prostituting his position to individual gain, but the broader virtue which enables him to understand the wishes, to study the interests, to assume in thought the position of those for whom he is to legislate. Unselfish, fair-minded, earnest—these are what might be called his moral qualifications. His mental qualifications should be of an equally high order. Nothing is more erroneous than the belief that so-called practical men would make good laws. Law-making is essentially a matter of theory; and although theory without a knowledge of facts is a non-existent delusion, or, at best, the dream of a brain imperfectly developed, yet the knowledge of facts alone is useless, nay, injurious, without the theory that classifies them, that knows their relative importance and their connection with one another as cause and effect. It is only too evident that nothing in the training or experience of men of business is likely to develop in them, to any special degree, either the moral or mental qualifications necessary to make good legislators. They may not make worse law-makers than lawyers are generally found to be; but it is idle to anticipate that a larger infusion of the business element into Congress would necessarily lead to better legislation on the material questions now before the country.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Oct. 14, 1870.

THE *Times* of this morning announces in its opening leader an event of such thrilling interest that even the approaching bombardment of Paris will for the time cease to monopolize attention. This overwhelming event is nothing less than the approaching marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll. The existence of a common bond between royalty and ordinary humanity has been acknowledged in this way before now, but not for some time, and we are once more invited to be overcome by the gracious condescension of our rulers. The daughter of a Queen is to be led to the hymeneal altar—no less poetical language will suit the occasion—by the son of a duke; and as instances are not infrequent of dukes marrying commoners, we may arrive by a mathematical proportion at some estimate of the distance between royalty and vulgar flesh and blood. I could not do less than give to this announcement the place of honor in my letter; though I must regret that the telegraph, with its usual impertinent interference, will deprive the intelligence of the charm of novelty. Of the persons principally concerned I believe that nobody has anything to say but what is in their honor, and British loyalty will, of course, indulge itself in appropriate manifestations.

I sometimes ask myself what is the true value of that passion. As a mere personal sentiment, it is probably weaker than usual at the present moment, in spite of various protestations to the contrary. The Queen has retired more than is exactly wise in a great official destined to be the ornamental summit of our constitutional edifice, and therefore suffering to a rather unfair degree from any social eclipse. The Prince of Wales is distinctly unpopular, although the stories which were current to his prejudice a short time ago do not seem to have had any serious foundation. And yet, in spite of such temporary clouds, the power of what some people call loyalty, and others spitefully describe as flunkeyism, every now and then reveals itself with unexpected intensity. I do not speak merely of such avowed manifestations as may now be seen in Hyde Park, where the monument of the late Prince Consort is beginning to display its gorgeous decorations to passers-by. The statue of the prince is placed beneath a Gothic canopy of solid architecture, surmounted by a lofty cross, with angels at the top and the four quarters of the globe below, and all kinds of historical or allegorical personages looking on from different niches. The quantity of carving and gilding and enamelling is something amazing, and when one reads the inscription, stating that the monument was

erected by a sorrowing Queen and people in recognition of a life devoted to the public good, we can only suppose that, if affection be accurately measured by the quantity of money spent in its name, the prince must have been loved more warmly than Chatham, or Peel, or Wilberforce, or any of the great patriots and philanthropists of England. It is true that we have found out some of his virtues since his death, and that, though our affection was previously of a very calm and temperate character, we now generally acknowledge that he was really a very able and useful man in his generation. Supposing, however, that we deduct from the sums spent upon this and the other monuments in his memory with which England fairly bristles that part which is due to genuine enthusiasm, and supposing that that enthusiasm was equal to that with which we regard our purest heroes, there remains an enormous balance to be accounted for in some other way. I do not venture to decide how much is to be set down to the genuine loyalty which is one form of patriotism, and how much to the more objectionable variety which is nearly allied to snobbishness. The task would be in many ways ungrateful; and I will confine myself to the remark that, in my opinion, the genuine article is rather dwindling, whilst the kind which commends itself to the souls of footmen and court tradesmen is undoubtedly rampant and powerful.

We have lately heard some talk about English republicans. The name is rather more common than formerly, and we have some fair specimens of the reality. Yet republicanism does not show itself, nor indeed is there at present much reason why it should show itself, in any unequivocal shape. A certain impulse has been lately given to it by the popular sympathy with France; for I think—though it is difficult to form any accurate opinion—that the working classes are beginning to incline rather to the French side of the question. The Comtists continue to make speeches and call meetings; but the enthusiasm which they excite seems to be still of a languid character. The general impression that the war ought to cease, and that Prussia is chiefly responsible for its continuance, is the only sentiment to be distinctly discriminated. Though I do not sympathize with the contemptuous tone in which these meetings are treated by the press in general, and especially by the poor *Standard*, whose conservative sympathies for France are terribly perplexed by the apparition of these unhallowed allies, I cannot attribute much importance to them. After all, non-intervention is still at the bottom of our hearts, and it is not to be wondered at. A workingman observed the other night that, if we sent an army to France, as Prof. Beesly wished, the Prussians would "eat them for breakfast." There was a painful degree of truth in the remark, and, though Prof. Beesly said that our soldiers were amongst the best in the world, he was obliged to add that perhaps the Prussians would be too much occupied to attack them—which does not suggest a brilliant strategical prospect. Till we can hit harder, we must be content not to strike at all.

As I have been speaking of loyalty, I will notice one fact in this connection. Mr. Trevelyan, a young and able member of parliament, who found himself unable to submit to certain necessities of official subordination and therefore left the ministry last session, has been just addressing his constituents. He spoke upon the subject of army reform, to which he has paid considerable attention. The papers have generally praised his remarks, but they have passed over or treated with great delicacy one observation which was of some importance. He said that the army would never be reformed so long as the Duke of Cambridge was at the Horse Guards. The duke is a well-meaning man, but an obstinate conservative in military matters; and there can be no doubt that the presence of a royal duke in a position of this kind very much hampers reform, and renders more ineffectual than it could otherwise be the supposed responsibility to parliament of the military authorities. This is a fact which may not improbably excite some feeling before long; and Mr. Trevelyan deserves credit for speaking out plainly on the subject. The strange thing is that the divinity which hedges the royal family should have kept reformers so quiet as they have actually been; but there is probably the tacit consideration that if kings are not to have a hand in the management of the army, it will be rather difficult, as the old woman said of the devil, to see what is the use of having any kings. And as I seem to have got fairly into these sublime regions, it is impossible not to be reminded of the great Dr. Russell. An amusing incident has made him specially notorious at the present moment in connection with great personages. He was sent out by the *Times* with a great flourish of trumpets to continue the duties which he discharged in the Crimea, India, and America. There is no doubt that on the first of these occasions he made the position of correspondent more important than it had ever been before, and wrote

some really admirable letters. But the poor doctor has somehow lost his old vigor of style. It is to be feared that, in his recent expedition with the Prince of Wales up the Nile, he caught a certain contagion which is apt to be very dangerous to dwellers in courts. The book in which he recorded the history of that journey was a really melancholy performance. And unluckily he seems now to be working in much the same vein. The Prussian authorities received him so civilly that it has been insinuated—not, as I think, with any probability—that the *Times* was attracted to the Prussian cause by the civilities extended to their correspondents. At any rate, Dr. Russell's letters have been devoted to the war only in a secondary degree; and the real pith of them has been the description in the most flowery terms of all the grand personages who have treated him with condescending familiarity. If the impression given be not inaccurate, Dr. Russell must have been hand-in-glove with the Crown Prince, with Bismarck, and with all manner of other notabilities. This being so, he gave us the other day a narrative, which you have no doubt seen, of the conversation between the King of Prussia and the Emperor Napoleon, derived "from the best sources." The best sources could scarcely mean in such a mouth anybody lower than the Prussian Chancellor. Hereupon Count Bismarck telegraphed to all the papers that the conversation in question was founded on "pure invention." So cruel a rebuff was really calculated to appeal to our sympathies. The *Times* did not publish the telegram; but to-day it comes out with an explanation of the circumstances. The official organ of the Prussian Government says something civil about Dr. Russell, explains that the narrative in question was "slightly inaccurate," and declares that the doctor was no doubt honestly convinced that he had it from the best sources. The *Times* is of course triumphant, and says that Count Bismarck's disavowal was merely one of those hasty denials which statesmen are apt to give to any inconvenient revelation. I leave the puzzle to the reflection of your readers. I know not whether Dr. Russell will forgive his antagonists in a Christian spirit; but if it be one of the consequences of this blow to teach him not to put too much faith in princes, or to presume too closely on their intimacy, it will give him a lesson of which he seems to be urgently in need. I may remark that by far the ablest correspondence throughout the war has been that of the *Daily News*, which still retains the superiority in an interesting series of letters from Paris. If it tells us less about dining with princes, it gives far more important details as to the progress of the war.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS AND THE EXPENSES OF THE WAR.

BERLIN, October 15, 1870.

THE eyes of Germany and of all Europe are once more turned towards Paris, where the finishing stroke of the present war is every hour expected. The French capital is now on all sides surrounded by German troops. They are numerically too weak for the investment of a circle of about sixty miles in circumference—so large is the *enceinte* of all the fortifications around Paris—but, nevertheless, our excellent cavalry has succeeded in hermetically closing all ingress into and egress from the city. If not sooner reduced by hunger, which I for my part do not believe, or by disorder and anarchy, which is more probable, the German generals expect to capture the place before the end of this month—some of them even put down the time between the 23d and 26th for the occurrence of this great event.

It is extremely difficult to move the heavy ordnance and place it in proper position. It must be brought from fifty to sixty miles over a common turnpike, as the railroad has been destroyed by the French between La Ferté and Meaux. The ground around Paris is uneven, often precipitous, and almost all the roads are in a bad condition. Whatever the energy of the commanding officers and the zeal of the soldiers can do will be most cheerfully done, for every man of the army knows that with the surrender of Paris the miseries and privations of the war will substantially be ended. The guns will be put in position by the 18th inst., and can then begin their work. The Parisians are under the impression that their city cannot be bombarded so long as the surrounding forts are not taken, as the distance from the city is supposed to be too great. This view is erroneous, for they are ignorant of the carrying distance of our improved heavy pieces. It is true the centre of Paris is about five miles from the forts, and as our rifled twelve and twenty-four pounders carry only two or three miles, they can only reach the outskirts of the city. Nevertheless, our

forces will first try to take one or two forts, and thus gain a foothold for the bombardment of the interior of the city. Besides, our large rockets carry 11,000 paces, and we have also other town-breakers at our disposal—I mean our 72 and 96 pounders, which, being 15 to 17 feet long, and weighing 180 to 200 cwt.—throw, when directed high enough, bombshells of 200 to 300 pounds a distance of five miles. About two weeks ago, I saw them pass through Berlin; they came from our eastern fortresses, and are now being placed in position before Paris. They will open the negotiations for the surrender of the city by demonstrating the terrors of war to its boasting and vaporing population, whereupon the faubourgs will be attacked by the rifled 12 and 24-pounders. The effect of the 72 and 96-pounders is so tremendous that a common house in which their bombs explode is blown to atoms, and that the houses in the immediate neighborhood are so fearfully shattered that they are unfit for further use. A few of these bombshells would be sufficient to destroy the Hôtel de Ville and the other possible centres of resistance. As, with the assistance of detailed plans of the city, the distances can be precisely calculated, these tremendous instruments of destruction do not fire at random, but strike any given point. In this line of its business the Prussian artillery has won some practical experience. Besides Toul and Strasbourg, where it has lately profited in its profession, the Prussian fortress of Jülich (Rhenish Prussia), which had lost its significance in consequence of the new artillery inventions, was, some ten years ago, by order of the Government, used as a target to test the efficiency of the heavy pieces. Thus the Germans feel quite sure of their present undertaking. The late capture of Orléans, and the defeat of the new French army which was in the process of formation south of the Loire, has swept the last possible difficulty which could have disturbed the German armies round Paris out of the way, and has placed one of the richest and most fertile territories of France at their disposal, from which they will be provided with victuals, wines, and other necessities. The Germans will hence profit from the strategical importance of Orléans as a centre and terminus of the southeastern and southwestern railroads. The next consequence of the capture of the city will be the removal of the Government from Tours south to Toulouse, Bordeaux, or some other place.

The only gain, if gain it can be called, France has made during the last week is the arrival of Garibaldi, who has been appointed commander-in-chief of all irregular French forces. What a perversion of political ideas! One of the most prominent men of that country which owes the possession of Venetia and Rome to the success of the German arms, now fights against us for the benefit of our common enemy, who has torn Nice and Savoy from Italy. But, nevertheless, I pity poor Garibaldi. The old hero has deserved a better end for his past services to humanity than to ruin himself on a Quixotic errand. He fancies himself fighting for the most beautiful of all ladies, the noble maid Dulcinea, whom he imagines to be adorned with all the charms of pure womanhood, while cool matter-of-fact people take her for what she really is—a common and ugly peasant girl. Garibaldi is the most eminent exponent of that radical doctrine so common on the continent of Europe, which confounds the means with the end, and whose believers make the revolution a creed. Thus they become sectarians, and consider it their holy duty to make propaganda all over the world, and threaten the present state of civilization. Every intelligent historical student will admit that the French Revolution was a blessing and a necessity, but he will not deny that its calling and business were only of a negative character. The rotten European society could by no other means be saved from its stagnation and lethargy than by the rupture of its component parts. The French nation, with a real fanaticism for destruction, devoted itself to this business, and thus made itself well deserving of humanity. But the masters of destruction have proved themselves poor bunglers in erecting a new building in place of the old one, and out of the enthusiasm of a great historical movement only imprudent and frantic successors have grown, who fancy that they have the monopoly as undertakers of revolutions, and firmly believe that the world exists for the sole purpose of being pulled down by them. "Everything must be ruined" is their motto—to make room for the new Utopia. "The Empire is peace," Napoleon III. said; but to establish peace there must first be war for the benefit of France. The international league of European revolutionists, presided over by Garibaldi himself in 1867 at Geneva, substantially spoke and acted on the same principle. They will also secure eternal peace to the world, after first destroying everything in their way. This policy emanates from the same arbitrariness of the individual, which puts its own selfish caprice in the place of organic development, and which turns revolutionary infallibility into religion. Its adherents speak the same

slang, use the same obscure and abstruse phrases; and as the Catholic Church in "holy Rome," so this radical church of faithful believers sees the centre of the world in "holy Paris." Victor Hugo is not an isolated fool, but the representative man of a whole class, which is spread all over Europe, and even has its apostles among a few hundred Germans and French residing in the United States.

The first duty we have to attend to in Europe is to terminate the era of revolution. Each people is ruled by moral laws, but it has its own national and individual development; each people must work out the forms of its polity and of its civilization, which cannot arbitrarily be checked or accelerated, or forced into strange laws. The question of German nationality having been settled by this war, we have next to build up a commonwealth in the heart of Europe, founded on nationalism in place of Caesarism, parliamentary institutions instead of personal government, peaceful development under constitutional laws rather than military glory—in short, a state which, working out the oldest and noblest political tendencies of the Teutonic race, will rest on self-government and popular freedom. Garibaldi will do us no harm; on the contrary, his stepping in for the present French republic will clear the ideas of many good but simple men. It will thus contribute to a better appreciation of more rational principles, and finally advance our interests more than injure them.

In order to have a guide for the calculation of damages to be assessed upon France in the negotiations for peace, Bismarck has ordered a synopsis of all the payments made in cash and contributions by the provinces, districts, and cities to the French while they occupied Prussia, then a poor and exhausted country of not quite five millions of inhabitants. The *Staats-Anzeiger*, the official paper, publishes a statement, according to which the amounts paid for the two years from November, 1806, to the end of 1808, foot up to 245,091,801 thalers, to which among others the following cities and districts have contributed, viz.: Berlin and Magdeburg, 57,717,855 thalers; Neumark, 12,252,237 thalers; Pomerania, 25,196,101 thalers; East Prussia, 57,080,261 thalers; West Prussia, 34,319,901 thalers; Lithuania, 10,088,886 thalers; and Breslau, 18,520,659 thalers. The French occupation of what was then called Prussia lasted about six years and a half, so that in the above proportion she paid for the whole time about 750 millions of thalers. The other German territories which now belong to Prussia were bled in the same way; it is consequently a very moderate estimate if we assume that, besides the losses in war material and the contributions paid by the defeated government, what constitutes present Prussia paid 2,000 millions of thalers to the French. At that time, money was worth three times as much as in our days. If we nevertheless ask only 2,000 millions of francs, or about 500 millions of thalers, as cash damages from France, I think the demand will be a very moderate one. In making up a final settlement, our diplomats will probably arrive at a somewhat higher figure, as, for instance, the damage done to our shipping interest and to the brutally expelled Germans from France, as well as the expenses for boarding 160,000 French prisoners, are not included in the above bill. Each of our poor landwehrmen should have his daily wages paid at a moderate rate of say one-third of a thaler—24 cents—from the moment of his leaving home to the hour of his return. The costs for buying even, small annuities for our cripples and invalids will amount to at least 50 millions of thalers, for which France, of course, will have to come down. Besides, there are thousands of losses which cannot be compensated. Apart from the field-hospitals, we have at present in our military and private hospitals alone not less than 78,000 sick and wounded, not one-half of whom will fully recover.

FRIEDRICH KAPP.

THE PRUSSIANS AT VERSAILLES.

[THE following remarkable piece of description is from an American boy of 16, and sent to his father in this country.]

VERSAILLES, Sunday, Sept. 18.

Just now, Louis (the servant) came in and said the Hulans were at the Mairie. We all rushed out; on the way I passed some officers of the Garde Nationale calling to arms, drums beating, people excited, some running, others talking in knots. I hurried on, and soon saw a large crowd in front of the Mairie. It appears three Hulans, rambling ahead, had lost their way, and had stumbled on Versailles while reconnoitring. They were bold enough to ride up to the gate and demand admittance, which the porter—who was a buzzard of the first water—gave them, and they came prancing in, driving terror and dismay with them. They said they wished to be directed to the Mairie, after having looked round as

much as they liked. When they got to the Mairie they asked the Mayor on what conditions Versailles would surrender. The Mayor said "he didn't wish to have anything to do with them, but would see their officers." They answered, "Very well, there are five hundred of us outside. You come to the gates." He agreed, and they galloped off. By this time there was a dense crowd and lots of Garde Nationale, all talking and wishing "to put a couple o' balls in their nobs, and prevail on them to stop." But they got off all right, and in a short time the Mayor and a lot of old pods got into a large carriage, and (with an escort) started to meet the Hulans at the gates, and soon returned. Not a single Hulan was to be seen at the place where the three foxy Prussians had agreed that five hundred should meet the old pods. These knowing fellows had been into Versailles, seen the place, the Mayor, the people, found how few soldiers there were, and what large accommodations for soldiers, in fact, all that the enemy wanted to know, and then quietly rode off unmolested.

Every one was awfully mad, and the crowd were all swearing, when all of a sudden a soldier, such as I had not seen before, galloped up full speed, covered with dust, and rushed to the Mairie; the gates opened, and he went in, leaving the crowd waiting outside in suspense. In two minutes out he came and galloped off. All this seemed very mysterious. In ten minutes he returned from the woods with two others and a bugler. Every one thought they were Prussians, but they were "Guides" sent out from Paris to scout, and bring information of the enemy. They said there was a battle then going on. Two of their party had just been shot, and they called for a surgeon for somebody who was wounded somewhere, and then dashed off in desperate haste, to get back to Paris before the enemy could cut them off. This was very exciting, and I staid about a long time, but didn't hear more.

Monday, Sept. 19.—This morning, on coming down to breakfast, we found a great commotion. We heard heavy cannonading, and could distinguish the deadly roll of the mitrailleuse. There was a great deal going on in and outside of this house (Hôtel des Réservoirs). All along the streets were every kind of cart and carriage, men tacking on red crosses, surgeons and *infirmiers* hurrying round. We found they were going to the field of battle. Great numbers of men were offering aid, and numbers of priests and Sisters of Charity were getting the stretchers ready. I ran down and filled lots of tin cans with water for the wounded. At length all was ready, and they went off. Aunt Mary and I then went to the work-room, where they were very busy, and everything to be done right off. The Prussians had sent word to send all "*secours aux blessés*" immediately to the field. So Aunt sewed, and I tore paper for cushions and cut out red crosses for three hours, and then went home to breakfast. After breakfast L. and I went to the Place d'Armes, and saw two wounded Hulans being helped into the palace. At the Mairie there was a great crowd, and we stopped a minute. All of a sudden there was a shout and a rush of people, and up galloped eight Prussian cuirassiers with an officer. They had light hair, and were very thickset, but small, covered with dust, dirty and torn clothes. They had good horses, but they looked very tired. They wore the Prussian helmet and spike, a sabre on one side, and on the other a huge horse-pistol two feet long; and they carried little carbines in their hands, all ready if they should be necessary. But all the French had left, except a few harmless Nationales. So they met with no opposition. They waited a minute, then clapped spurs to their horses and went off full speed. The people seemed very sad. Many women were crying, and many men looked as if they would like to.

Then we walked on and looked down a road, and through an arch in the distance, beyond which the road made a turn, and we could see no further. Suddenly we saw a troop of horsemen come through the arch; behind came more and more and more. We were uncertain whether to run or stay, so we stayed, and they came up. The first were fifty Hulans; then fellows in blue, on horseback, very handsome; next three very funny ones, with silver death's-heads and crossbones on their hats; then hundreds and hundreds of mounted fellows with needle-guns and sabres. Then three regiments of infantry, marching in superb time. Every five hundred men had a drum corps and fifes playing in perfect unison. You could almost feel the ground shake with the steady thud, thud, thud, tramp, tramp, tramp. I declare it was splendid.

All these men looked dirty and tired, but fat, jolly, and laughing. Looking down the road as far as we could, we still saw the helmets, spikes, and guns, all leaning exactly the same way, and glistening in the sun. All the officers looked like perfect gentlemen, with great whiskers, and jolly, fat faces. None of the men talked, much less sang, the way the French do.

At last these passed, and then came a splendid band of sixty pieces, playing beautifully, and then regiment after regiment of cavalry (not carrying nearly so much as the French cavalry do), but horses in excellent order, many very handsome. Lots of the soldiers were smoking great German pipes (such as you see in Brown, Jones & Robinson's). This was the army of the Crown Prince—less than a third of all that have come. They passed through Versailles, only stopping to mend the roads which the peasants had torn up. After these came artillery and baggage-wagons and carts of ammunition, more infantry, more bands, fifty pontoons on carts, more cavalry, then hundreds of soldiers on peasants' carts, which they had stolen, then ambulances and carts full of wounded (who were brought to our house and to the palace). They began to come at a quarter past one, and passed our house till half-past four; and I saw just as many more going by another road, where they passed till seven at night. I saw all along the street the people saying "Oh!" in such a sad way, and the women crying; and I noticed two French soldiers surrounded by little Prussians. One was a soldier of the line; he was crying like a child, all his arms were taken away; it was very sad. The other was a giant of a cuirassier, who stalked along in a most dignified manner, with his head up in the air, and hands in his pockets, looking as if he despised these dirty little fat Prussians, and was "merely overcome by numbers." He stepped along in a jaunty manner, and I couldn't help thinking how much he looked like that picture of Jones being carried off.

There seemed at times to be a hunting corps, for every man would have a fat hare or rabbit, and hens, ducks, pheasants, partridges, slung on his back. One man I saw with a live sheep, full size, over his back.

Only four regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and four batteries of artillery remained here all night. They camped upon the Place d'Armes, and lit fires and cooked. Everything was in perfect neatness—the cannon and powder-carts arranged in order in a circle; horses all fastened inside the circle; soldiers all sleeping round outside. They took off their knapsacks, stacked guns, put their helmets on top of their bayonets, unrolled their greatcoats, and lay down, still having on swords and pistols, and their guns at arm's length. Thus they pass the night, rain or shine (no tents), and they look as hardy and strong as lions. Their discipline is something wonderful. I saw a drum-major tell his corps to stop drumming, and all did but one, who hit his drum with one stick after the others had stopped. The major rushed up and cuffed his ears, and took away his sticks, and then told the others to go on, while the crowd laughed.

All last night, till twelve (and long after, I dare say), there was a continuous rumble of carts and gun carriages. In the evening the ambulances returned, bringing lots of fearfully wounded men. We saw them as they were taken to the Palace. In the afternoon, officers came to our house, and marked in chalk the names of the counts and generals, and all the rest of them, on the doors of the rooms they were to occupy.

To-day (Tuesday) the barracks are filled. You understand I began this letter yesterday, Monday, and am finishing it to-night.

I feel that this is the greatest sight I ever shall see, and enjoy it greatly. It alone is worth coming 3,000 miles for. Now, I don't wonder that the Prussians beat, since I've seen what soldiers they are. The people seem much less frightened, and more friendly to them than I supposed. Lots of the peasants can talk German; and when the Prussians halt, they chat away, and interpret to the eager listeners, who laugh and give them wine and water. One Prussian asked L. for some "schnaps." L. said he had some for the wounded, but none for him, and added, "There are plenty of schnaps in Paris," at which he laughed, and said "he would soon get it then." Lots of the soldiers asked us the name of this place, and whether Paris was fortified, and how far off it is.

I saw a young girl give a handsome Prussian officer some claret, and when she came back, an old man and woman called her all sorts of names and slapped her. There was a great row, and she fled with her sister. A Prussian patted me on the head as he passed. All the infantry are small men, and the officers large, tall, and very handsome and clean.

When they stopped, they seemed to have good dinners of bread, cheese, butter, sausages, and wine. In the evening they were very jolly; lots of fires flickered all round, the soldiers singing and smoking; many were milking cows they had stolen, and cooking game. It was all very pretty. The formal way in which everything is done is very curious. At every gate where officers live there are two guards, and every time an officer passes, these sentinels go through five movements with their guns. On all the doors of all the houses are marked, in chalk, the names of the men

stationed there. To-day they laid a telegraph through the street, connecting every officer's house with the Mairie.

Wednesday.—To-day I got up at seven, and went down to the Place d'Armes, and found it filled with Prussians; some sleeping, some cooking, building fires, eating, grooming horses, washing cannon, and all smoking. There were but two tents, belonging to high officers. In front of one was a great swell dressing. He had two men waiting on him, and a guard pacing up and down in front of his tent, with a drawn sword. When I got there he was brushing his hair and putting on his cravat; a little French boy was holding a glass for him; he had a bright-red shirt on, and boots up to the hips, and large silver spurs. When I came back he had dressed himself, and his horse, a beautiful great black one, was brought up. His coat was covered with decorations, and he had a very brilliant sword. He looked exactly like Mr. T. S., and was a very big wig, evidently.

In the other tent there were two officers at a table, writing. They had about fifty bottles of claret and champagne piled up by their tent, and a guard by it.

In a little while all was bustle, but no confusion. All the cannon and powder-carts were arranged in numerical order; the horses the same; and every bucket and every pot was numbered like the cart to which it belonged. Soon the bugles sounded; every man jumped, and knew what he had to do. There was a ringing and rattling of chains, and the horses were fastened to the cannon; soldiers gobbled their last mouthful, strapped on their knapsacks, and in a few minutes everything was moving; officers giving their orders; the horses neighing; the line was formed, and off they went.

When I got home I found the ambulances just going off again, and Prussian officers giving orders about the rooms to be prepared for the Crown Prince, who was to arrive at one o'clock.

After breakfast the troops began to pass again in a steady stream: "The King's guard of honor" they were called. Some brought in prisoners—poor peasants who had made a faint resistance against their houses being pillaged, and horses, and cows, and sheep being stolen. They had fired on the Prussians, and were to be shot; it was very sorrowful. We heard that the Crown Prince had pardoned them, but it is not confirmed. Also, some noble Zouaves were brought in, and the crowd cheered, them. I saw a German boy with a French bayonet, and the people were laughing at him, and a little French *gamin* went up and gave him an awful kick; it caused much merriment.

About one o'clock came a squad of Hulans, with long lances and black and white flags. After them came men on horseback leading other horses, all very beautiful, and belonging to the Crown Prince. About two hundred passed—then the royal baggage, cart after cart, mostly painted purple, with a great gold crown. Amongst them were some carts which had belonged to the French. One of the bands had a brass drum with the Imperial eagle and "3d Zouaves" painted on it; the soldiers showed it to the people and laughed. After the baggage-train came a group of the most elegant and beautiful soldiers I ever saw, every one different; they came to get things ready for the Prince. We found he was to be received at the prefecture, which is a large and handsome building with a huge court in front and a black-and-gilt fence and gate, such as they have round the Park and Palace.

We went there at once. The *Garde d'Honneur* were drawn up in front, and a full band on each side of the gate. In a few minutes up galloped some hussars with great silver skull-and-bones on their hats, and all the troops presented arms. Then came lots of Hulans, and more death's-head hussars, and then the Crown Prince surrounded by his splendid and numerous staff. Gen. Sheridan was not there. The Prince is quite handsome, with large bushy beard and moustache. He was dressed like the others, and wore a cap such as they all wear, with a scarlet band, and he had lots of decorations and a large diamond star. They all had most beautiful horses and looked very kingly. It was a splendid sight; the bands all played a smashing tune, and the soldiers all presented arms. The Prince rode in front of them; then they marched into the courtyard and took possession (as it were), and the Prince and his suite dismounted and entered the house. There was a great crowd, and it was indeed a fine sight.

Next day he went to the palace on foot with two generals. Gen. Sheridan arrived and has the room next to ours. I met him and his aid in the entry. He spoke to me in German, then in French, and then said, "Well, what are you?" He seemed to be pleased to hear that Americans are here, and was very communicative. He told me lots of news about

Metz and Strasbourg, and the Germans, all of which you know, however. He came to see grandpa, and is very nice and agreeable.

He says everything is laid waste the other side of Paris, and that they have been fighting at St. Cloud and Asnières; that first the Prussians would take something, and then the French would come out from Paris and retake it. He says Bazaine has no chance in Metz, and is now eating up his horses.

We now hear cannonading all the time. The Prussians look very blue to-day, Sept. 25. Troops are hurrying through, and we think they must have been beaten. The Prince left yesterday to see the King at Ferrières, and returned to-day. They have turned all the French wounded out of the Palace into the city hospitals. I saw lots of wounded Turcos; Aunt Mary went up and saw them and gave them chocolate. We have laid in plenty of ham and flour. We hear that butter will soon give out here.

Prussian swells drive about in dog-carts, with servants in livery behind them.

Later, 25th.—To-day there was a great review in the Place, only about 15,000 men, but it was very beautiful—a superb band playing. We saw the men all inspected to see if they were clean, and neat, and hadn't French real estate on them. Soldiers go off in hay-carts foraging all the time. Cannonading still goes on. We see balloons going up all the time.

Correspondence.

THE ANNEXATION OF ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to hand you herewith a copy of the *Weser Zeitung*, of the 13th instant, and to draw your attention to its leading article on the annexation to Germany of Alsace and part of Lorraine, as a condition of peace between that country and France.

I know that I speak the sentiment of many Germans in this city when I express to you, as I have long wished to do, my warm acknowledgment of the rare ability, independence, and justice with which, from the beginning of this grand struggle, your paper has interpreted the cause of Germany to the American public.

The only point on which a German can take exception to your views is that of annexation, and I confess to you that, when that question was first raised, I was inclined to side with you against such a demand, fearing that my native country would thereby be drawn into that unprofitable policy of conquest which we so much condemn in France, and which would justly wound the susceptibilities of such neighbors as Switzerland, the Netherlands, and Russia. A careful observation of public opinion in Germany, as expressed by their leading journals and numerous pamphlets published by their most eminent political writers, has, however, convinced me that the all but unanimous desire for the restoration of those provinces to Germany is not based on grounds which would justify such fears, but derives its strength from the earnest conviction of the necessity and the justice of that condition of peace.

You will observe that the enclosed article deals with the question only with a view to its political justice, leaving its more important feature, that of its necessity for the future security of Germany, for future treatment. As far as it goes, however, I think you will find the argument well put.

I will not pretend to change your own views on the subject, but I venture to suggest that, by translating such articles or stating their substance, you would further interpret to your readers the existing public opinion in Germany, and thus add to your claims on the gratitude of your German fellow-citizens.

I remain, yours, very respectfully,

GUSTAV SCHWAB.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31, 1870.

[The argument of the *Weser-Zeitung* is ingenious, but not much else. It is in substance this: That Germany has not, as has been alleged, done, in the case of Schleswig-Holstein, what France did in the case of Alsace and Lorraine. Schleswig-Holstein is a German province, and what Germany did was to prevent Denmark making it Danish against the will of the people. Nor does the partition of Poland by Frederic the Great resemble Louis XIV.'s raid on Germany; but, supposing it did, the kingdom of Poland no longer exists, so that there is nobody to give back the plunder to. If the kingdom of Poland did exist, however, and it stood in the same relation to Germany that Germany now

stands to France—that is, if the King of Poland had seized on Dantzic, Thorn, and Posen, and were besieging Berlin—the Germans would at once “acknowledge the corn” and give up the conquered provinces. (We confess we find this hard to believe.) However, the origin of the German title to Posen is far better than the French title to Alsace and Lorraine. Frederic the Great took part of Poland in order to rid his border of anarchy and confusion, and prevent Russia taking the whole, or, to use the *Weser-Zeitung's* words, “as a painful necessity;” while Louis XIV.'s seizures were naked robbery. (We also find this very hard doctrine.) But no matter how Prussia got her share of Poland, neither France, Austria, nor even moral England can decently call on her to make restitution. They have all done the same sort of thing. England, luckier than most of her neighbors, committed her principal rascalities at an early period, when men's nerves were tolerably strong, and when there was no European public opinion to condemn wrongdoing. Nobody defends her mode of acquiring Ireland, but what sensible man would call on her now to atone for it by handing Ireland over to the Fenians? She has atoned for it by giving Ireland a higher civilization than Ireland would probably have got of herself, and Prussia has atoned for her seizure of Poland by doing the same thing for her share of that country.

The main point in the argument, and, indeed, we may say the only strong one, is that whatever right to Alsace and Lorraine France may have acquired by prescription, Germany has for two hundred years respected. It has now been swept away by France's own wilful aggression on Germany, who may therefore lawfully fall back on her original right. In the whole article, however, we do not find one word with regard to the feelings of the inhabitants, although the consideration which weighs most with us, and, we presume, with the greater number of foreigners who are opposed to the annexation, is the hearty attachment of the people to France. They are Frenchmen in the only way in which men can really belong to a nationality, and that is through affection and tradition. To make them Germans, now, by way of punishing the robberies committed by Louis XIV., is to treat them like cattle that had been “lifted” by a moss-trooper. That Germany would be justified in doing it by precedent, we do not deny; but one of the advantages of being as strong as she is, is the ability it gives her to do without the support of precedents. As the world has hitherto gone, doubtless her demands are not unreasonable, and she may fairly be forgiven for not abating them as long as she is met with shrieks and war-whoops, poems and epigrams. But if France ever gets her senses back, and offers to treat like a rational being, most people will look to Germany for something better, by way of settlement, than the letter of the law. Still, we confess we think the Germans have won the right to do what they consider necessary for their own safety, and it does, we admit, amuse one mightily to hear gentlemen and ladies in New York and Boston telling men who have left wife and children, to be mowed down by the mitrailleuse, that they are unconscionable ruffians if they do not go straight home, now that Napoleon has fallen, and trust for future safety to the French love of peace and art and literature. Nor do we entirely appreciate the “library and museum” argument which is now coming to the front. We heard nothing about the libraries and museums of Berlin or Dresden or Munich from any quarter when the French started on their “promenade” last July, and we must protest against the doctrine that a people may go out to rob and murder their neighbors, and when they are foiled and driven home, and followed up by the strong arm of justice, seat themselves at their easels and writing-tables, and wail over the cruelty of tearing them away from their books and pictures. Art and literature must not be used in our day to furnish a shelter or excuse for the passions and practices of a barbarous age.—ED. NATION.]

MORE SENTIMENTALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Notwithstanding the “sophistries” of my previous “feeble production,” which I was unfortunate enough “so clumsily to manipulate” in vindication of Wendell Phillips's philosophy, I hope you will give me a chance to respond by a few plain truths to your ill-tempered criticisms on my communication in your last issue. Your wrath seems peculiarly

excited by Mr. Phillips's generous condonation of President Grant's habits of intemperance, in consideration of the other great qualities he daily displays. I cannot wonder at it. Now, sir, let me a simple tale unfold. Why do you grow cool in support of Gen. Grant? Why does Wendell Phillips cleave to him closer and closer? I will tell you. You belong to that honest, doubtless, but small and cold-blooded class known as revenue and civil service reformers. This is evident, not only from the columns of the *Nation*, but I remember seeing your name as one of a little knot of conspirators who last spring met in Washington to organize a crusade against all that is peculiarly American in our political system. You are one of a clique of disappointed men. You thought when Grant was elected President that he was in sympathy with you. Mr. Phillips thought so too. Naturally, you then sustained Grant and Mr. Phillips denounced him. Day by day since that your party has been losing ground; day by day, also, the "Phillips philosophy" has been gaining ground. Consequently, the estimate each entertains of the President has altered. One by one your friends—men who would organize a government on a twaddling system of class examinations, or a petty knowledge of letters and figures, instead of a basis of generous instincts or services rendered to freedom—one by one these men have lost their hold on our noble President. He has come out refined gold from the furnace. Wells, with his miserable formulas as a substitute for the patriotic impulse which alone carried us through the war—he was dropped first. Would statistics ever have freed the slave? Hoar, with his intolerable brusqueness, which was an insult to every generous lover of equality, next followed; then came the turn of Cox, who thought to make a poor knowledge of the alphabet and the multiplication table a stronger claim for place than faithful services rendered through the heat and burden of many a close election—as though reading and ciphering had suppressed the rebellion! Next Fish is doomed—the slave of formulas and traditions, who alone stands to-day between our eager sympathies and the oppressed of other lands. As the President, with that "true patriotic spirit which holds him straight in the public duty the people desire he should pursue," as Phillips himself well says, has gradually sloughed off these barnacles on his administration, you naturally have grown more and more disgusted. Not so Wendell Phillips. He at last recognizes, to use his own words, "the man who reflects the sentiments of the largest number and keeps in the front rank." The gradual development I have indicated you will not deny has been the great characteristic of Gen. Grant as President. Mr. Phillips sees it, and refers to it in his own way when he said the other day that "Grant embodies the sentiments of the American people more fully than any previous President." Now, Wendell Phillips has no faith in your men of formulas and inductions, who would reason on that in regard to which inspiration should be our guide. He knows what is right, and does not need to investigate it. So, day by day, as he saw Grant fling off these remnants of an exploded past and put himself in close communion with the beating heart of the people, he revised his opinion of him, and has been generous enough to acknowledge it. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*

There is no man in public life to-day so acutely alive to the glowing instincts of his countrymen as Gen. B. F. Butler; there is no man in politics with whom, as is well known, Wendell Phillips is so closely affiliated. The two have long been in hearty accord; and, in fact, "the grim soldier of New Orleans" is the one Massachusetts statesman in regard to whom our great mentor has never felt compelled to utter a harsh criticism. Butler is now a power with the Administration. Boutwell, Chandler, and Morton are men of the same patriotic glow; the chosen advisers of the President, these statesmen are the natural allies of Phillips and Butler. Beaten as you and the formulists are at every point, and seeing the inevitable draw near, I do not wonder you scold at Mr. Phillips and attribute his altered estimate of the President to ungenerous motives; but all these noble men and women who believe in the heart as a safer political guide than the head will hardly share your discomfiture. With Secretary Fish disappears from the Cabinet the last of the barnacles; then at length, and that not shortly, we may hope to see a true American policy carried out by such statesmen as only America can produce, or, perhaps, our noble young sister republic of France.

Before I conclude, will you pardon me for saying that I sometimes wonder if the *Nation* ever appreciates an immortal name or utterance not two centuries old—whether it ever realizes the grandeur of the present times? In spite of the recognized critical ability which marks its columns, and a certain intimate acquaintance with causes and events which induce me to tolerate its shortcomings, I can never lose my sense of its lack of

sympathy with the genius of the day. For instance, was anything finer ever witnessed than when Wendell Phillips's friend and our dear sister, Julia Ward Howe, stood up in New York the other day and uttered these immortal words: "Dr. Howe, my husband, once led a crusade against the Sultan of Turkey, flinging a heart of flame against the ice of the century. In like manner I, his wife, here declare war against Bismarck!" You sir, will, I know, carp and sneer at this; Bismarck will not! Count Bismarck is a man of profound sagacity and quick instincts; he will recognize, if you do not, the master-hand striking the key-note of the age; he will cower like the Assyrian of old when he reads this fearful *Mene, Mene* over against him upon the wall. And then to think that laws, the relics of slavery and barbarism, exclude the gifted being capable of this utterance from the halls of national council! But I will not pursue the theme; the cynical columns of the *Nation* are no place for such reflections.

In conclusion, pardon me for expressing the opinion that a few "Phillips's ideas run through the editorial brain" of the *Nation* will do no harm, even if they do come from one whom you sneer at as

A SENTIMENTALIST.

Boston, Oct. 29, 1870.

WARNINGS TO "A SENTIMENTALIST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Have you not allowed "A Sentimentalist," in your current number, to practise upon you in the same manner as did that famous protectionist, "A Poor Author"? or did the same hand set up the pins and roll the ball? In the former case, it is certainly excellent fooling.

Respectfully, etc.,

J. P.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Pardon me for warning you against the "Sentimentalist" of this week's issue. He is evidently an own brother to the "Poor Author" of last spring, if indeed he is not nearer than that.

Some of our "reformers" use strange arguments and strange logic, but surely not the most sentimental of sentimentalists would attempt to laud the object of his admiration in such sort as this. The man has no more admiration for Mr. Phillips than you yourself. Witness the quotation of this rare piece of egotism: "Well, gentlemen of the press, correspondents, and editors, I belong to a section of men whose example taught you about all you know. I intend to teach you a great deal more before I die." (I give you it as I heard Mr. P. deliver it).

He can only have spoken of Mr. Phillips applying the live coal to Mr. Lincoln in contempt of the former gentleman. If you doubt this, look a little further down, where he gives his idol the credit of "the present reliable and satisfactory Republican organization throughout the Southern States." The whole letter is full of similar dubious compliment, but this will suffice.

WM. HAMILTON.

HYDE PARK, MASS., Oct. 29, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE quarterly *Record* of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society is to be enlarged, beginning with the number for January next and the subscription price will be raised to two dollars per annum. It has steadily increased in interest from the first, and should have a commensurate support.—Messrs. Roberts Bros. have in press a reprint of "The Brahmo Somaj," the first and second series of lectures and tracts by Keshub Chunder Sen, edited by Sophia Dobson Collett; and the following books for the young: "Max and Maurice," a juvenile history, in seven tricks, with a hundred illustrations, and "Poesies for Children," selected by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell.—The publishing and bookselling house of Messrs. Oakley, Mason & Co. has removed from downtown to Nos. 142 and 144 Grand Street, near Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman & Taylor, and not far from the Appletons, on the same street.—A suit which we suppose to be a somewhat unusual one, and to have a general interest for the book-trade, has been brought by Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. to recover a manuscript from Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. The plaintiffs allege that the author of the work had availed himself of their services and influence to secure certain advantages for his book, and had, moreover, entered into a formal contract to give it to them, a copy of which is annexed to the complaint. Notwithstanding this, they allege that he subsequently placed

the book in the defendants' hands for publication, and that the latter, after a full representation of the facts in the case, declined to give it up. This suit is brought in the Supreme Court of Kings County.

—To the German, French, Italian, and Spanish periodicals which are already published in this city must now be added a Portuguese monthly newspaper, *O Novo Mundo*. It is of the size of *Harper's Weekly*, which has also supplied it with most, if not all, of its illustrations, and these will again be recognized as having originally appeared in the *Graphic*. When we look at the contents, however, there is visible an absence of padding and a variety of original matter which indicate an earnest purpose in the conductors. This is stated by the editor, Mr. J. C. Rodrigues, to be to help fix the attention of Brazil and, to a certain extent, South America on the affairs of the United States, not by furnishing current news but by discussing the principles, policy, and progress of this republic. He does not aim to Americanize Brazil or any other country, believing that each people and each race has a development of its own, and under Providence may reach the perfection of the highest. *O Novo Mundo* will advocate emancipation in Brazil, and in fact has an able article on the subject in this its first number, along with others on a university for Brazil, on Grant's administration, the European balance of power, on Cuba and Spain, on neutrality, on German unity, on infallibility; and there is a well-selected miscellany on the events of the day, and relating to the material prosperity of both continents. The book-notices are genuine specimens of criticism; there are biographical sketches of Ulrich, Trochu, Moltke, and Bismarck, whose portraits are given; and more particularly of Sr. de Magalhães, lately Minister of Brazil at Washington, and of Hon. Henry T. Blow, our actual minister to Brazil; and altogether we must pronounce *O Novo Mundo* from this sample a very respectable enterprise, abreast of the times, and ably edited. We shall be glad if it can assist in giving strength to Dom Pedro's latest purpose to begin the abolition of slavery as the first need of the empire. That it will be a valuable medium for spreading still further knowledge in Brazil of the products of American invention and skill, already so popular there, we have no doubt. It will regularly appear on the eve of the sailing of the monthly packet *via* St. Thomas. Three dollars is the subscription price, and the place of publication, 24 Times Building, New York.

—As we have already announced, the *North American Review* is, hereafter, to be managed by Mr. Henry Brooks Adams, who, during the last two or three years, has been among its ablest contributors, and whose establishment at Cambridge as a professor in the college makes it now possible for him to assume editorial duties. For some three years these have been performed by Professor Gurney, whose recent appointment to the office of Dean of the College imposes on him an amount of labor which is of itself enough for one man's strength, and which, joined to the necessary labor of editing a periodical like the *North American*, is much more than the majority of men could well do. Most editors of American periodicals find half their work in the rejection of all except a few of the immense number of articles sent them for acceptance. Everybody believes himself and herself—and there seems not much reason why they should not—competent to turn out the ordinary magazine or newspaper love-story, or critical notice, or poem, or essay; but to get good writing for a periodical of the character of the *North American* must, on the whole, be about the hardest thing that an editor in this country can be called upon to do. The men able to write political, social, educational, philosophical, financial, economical, or literary articles worth the attention of the thoughtful readers who constitute the *North American's* public are so very few, and so very busy, that the task of getting out annually four volumes such as Mr. Norton, Mr. Gurney, and Mr. Lowell have been giving us, is a task far more difficult than it would ever occur to most people to think. And it is true, too, that the people who read such articles are few in number, though each year there are more of them. Not much money can be made by the publication of such a magazine as the *North American* has been; and, of course, not much money can be expended upon it. The fact that, on the whole, it has been kept abreast of its English contemporaries, being better than they fully as often as it has been worse, is greatly to the credit of our American men of letters, who have wanted much of the stimulus which money, reputation, and influence have given their English brethren who write quarterly literature. Under Mr. Adams we expect to see the present enviable character of the *Review* maintained; and we hope to see its prosperity increased. It would be for the general good if the number of newspaper editors and newspaper readers who now see the *North American* could be doubled and tripled, for in all the country there is hardly another source of sound

scholarship and criticism in literature, and of careful thought on the questions that should occupy the politician, legislator, and sociologist. To sociological subjects it is said that Mr. Adams intends the *Review* to give particular attention; and as the problems of the next few years of American politics are to be sociological rather than moral, and as for the last decade or so we have been moralists rather than sociologists, most of us may thankfully welcome the help which the *Review* will be able to lend us in the more intricate studies upon which we are just entering. Of absolutely new features, the new management contemplates, we believe, but one—a chronicle, quarter by quarter, of noticeable events in politics, literature, science, and art.

—"The most distinguished descendant of the men who, nearly two centuries and a half ago, founded the city of New York," is recalled to mind by the publication of Judge Charles P. Daly's address before the Century Club, in April last, on "Gulian C. Verplanck; his Ancestry, Life, and Character" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) In the limits of about sixty pages the writer has traced the descent of Mr. Verplanck and the salient features of his career, in politics and in letters, in a very interesting manner, and with something of the frankness with which posterity is supposed to make up its judgments and record them long after the event. Except in the genealogical part of this address, we do not find much that is new or that needs to be added to our notice of Mr. Verplanck's decease in March. In a literary point of view Judge Daly regards him, as a political satirist under the name of Abimelech Coody, as the "pioneer of a kind of writing in which Artemus Ward and other humorists have been so successful, where much of the effect is produced by the way in which the words are spelled, and in the clever imitation of the style of an illiterate person." He better deserves, however, to be remembered by reason of a single discourse in 1818, before the New York Historical Society, in which he both vindicated Las Casas against the charge of suggesting the substitution of African for Indian slaves—which had never been done before—and started on its journeying as a familiar quotation Bishop Berkeley's line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." The judicial strength, and almost infallibility, of Mr. Verplanck is naturally dwelt upon by his biographer, who says of his "Essay on the Doctrine of Contracts as affected in Law and Morals by Concealment, Error, or Inadequate Price," which sought to introduce some modification of the rule of *caveat emptor*: "Having been engaged for many years, in the chief commercial city of the Union, in the discharge of duties involving the practical application of this legal rule, I am enabled to say that the law is coming round to the recognition of some of the very distinctions insisted upon in this derided book; and I may add, as the result of my experience, that, if a more strict and just rule had been applied, we should, I think, have had a higher standard of morality in buying and selling, without any diminution of our commercial prosperity as a people."

—By a coincidence of which we shall avail ourselves, there appears in the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record* for October a discourse on Mr. Verplanck by Mr. Charles Henry Hart, before the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, delivered about a month subsequently to Judge Daly's, but evidently independently of it, though there is much that is common to both. In the genealogy it is at once fuller and not so full as the latter. Mr. Hart, for instance, was not informed that Abraham Verplanck, the first ancestor, married his wife in this country, and in 1630. On the other hand, in enumerating the half-brothers and sisters of Mr. Verplanck, he names two sisters not recognized by Judge Daly. With the tone of a professional genealogist, he professes to have shown "each successive generation to have been a most worthy representative of its progenitor," while the character of the Abraham just referred to is conceived by the Judge to have been a sufficient reason why Mr. Verplanck never showed any disposition to write the history of New Netherland. Certainly, his connection with the massacre of the Indians at Pavonia was such as to make him a very disreputable ancestor, of whom to be said to be "most worthy" could only be regarded as a cruel compliment. There was, in fact, perhaps but one trait of his which his descendants did not lose from the admixture of other blood: his carefulness of his possessions, which no duties to the public or to government were allowed to diminish. Thus in 1655, says Judge Daly, "his name appears upon the list of those upon whom a compulsory tax was imposed for the defences of the city; and it may be mentioned as a characteristic, that it does not appear upon the list of those who had previously made voluntary loans for the building of the wall from which Wall Street takes its name." Mr. Hart tells a similar story of him in regard to his quartering English troops ten years later, when, although he had taken the oath of allegiance to the

English, he returned "the decisive answer, 'Cannot take any,'" and had to be assessed in consequence. Passing over his grandson Samuel, who saved his property by a delicate neutrality during the Revolution, and coming to Samuel's grandson, Gulian, we quote from Judge Daly for the last time: "He did little, if anything, during his long life to aid public objects by pecuniary assistance. I have never seen or heard of his name attached to a voluntary subscription for such a purpose." But he defends him, and with good reason, from Clinton's charge of avarice, shows that his fortune had been much exaggerated, and instances the large number of modes in which he was constantly serving the public without the thought of reward or return of any kind.

—The *Williams Review*, a magazine published at Williams College, has begun an act of publication which will strike most people as being, to say the least of it, in very doubtful taste. The editors have come into possession of a series of papers, which they look upon as having been the property of the late Professor Parker Cleveland, who for half-a-century was an instructor in Bowdoin College. It would seem, however, that in strictness these papers were never to be regarded as Professor Cleveland's property in any other sense than that he, as a teacher in the college, received from students in his charge certain essays which were written as college exercises, and which thus, with or without the good-will and consent of the writers, came into his hands and there remained. In all probability, it would be difficult for a collegian to prove at law his right of property in the manuscripts of such literary works as he had produced in obedience to the command of the college authorities; but it would seem that there should be a probability, indeed a certainty, that neither the college, nor any chance instructor in it, should ever be able to publish without the writer's consent the *puerilia* of any graduate, and especially of graduates who, by a lifetime of labor, have made for themselves and hold as their dearest possession a high reputation as workers in literature. Yet the *Williams Review*, having access to Professor Cleveland's papers, announces its intention of publishing the commencement "parts" of Longfellow, President Pierce, Hawthorne, Ephraim Peabody, Senator Fessenden, and other eminent graduates of Bowdoin, and has actually begun with a Latin essay of Hawthorne's. To do so is certainly to take a responsibility which most people would be extremely unwilling to take. One can imagine the acute misery of Hawthorne, say, or the sensitive Fessenden, or even of the sweet-natured and good-tempered Longfellow, at the thought of seeing in print the imposed task-work of his twentieth year. As of Tennyson's poet, it may be said of each of them, that for a generation

"His worst he kept, his best he gave;"

and that, doubtless, he was nearly as anxious to keep back the bad, as to give us for our pleasure the good. And though it is not well for a man to care too much about such things, nevertheless it is hard on him to be dragged out of what he would assuredly consider a decent and desirable obscurity and reserve. We do not know that distinguished men are wise, or even have the right, to go the length of the late Mr. Edward Everett, and call upon their correspondents for the return of letters written in mature years; though how a correspondent so called on should justify a refusal to comply with the request, we do not clearly see; but in the case of the boyish performances of eminent men, we should say that nine times in ten even the most conscientious and curious investigators of the development of the powers of such men, get not the least really valuable help from listening to their imitative lisplings and watching their untried movements; while to other people than these most curious investigators, the investigation is commonly the gratification of the idlest and most futile curiosity. We suggest to the editors of the *Williams Review* that the question for them to consider is not whether the victim can afford the disclosure they meditate, for usually he can afford it, or it would not be made; but whether, if he could have his way, he would wish it, and whether without his wish any one has any right to make it.

LUBBOCK'S PRIMITIVE MAN.*

THERE is a pleasant old story of an honest Scotch farmer, who, waiting for the laird in his library, took up the dictionary for pastime, and, when questioned by the great man as to the pleasure it afforded, replied, "Hey! they're bra' stories, your lardship, but unco short!" Something like this is the impression produced by Sir John Lubbock's amusing but rather chaotic work. In his attempt to furnish us data for the study of the laws

of human progress, he has gathered from every quarter, with amazing industry and research, a mass of detached facts and observations on the dress, habitations, arts, weapons, customs, laws, superstitions, and languages of savage nations, which furnish an abounding wealth of material for induction, and for which the anthropologist may well be grateful. The induction itself is but faintly and imperfectly carried out; the body of the work is fairly open to Mephistopheles' criticism—

"Dann hat er die Theile in seiner Hand,
Fehlt leider nur das geistige Band!"

Only in the appendix is this deficiency somewhat repaired by the two papers read before the British Association at Dundee and at Exeter, in which the author, with great pains, but not very clearly or conclusively, develops his theory of the steady advance of civilization from the lowest to the higher stages, without noticeable periods of retrogradation. But whatever our opinion of his method, or whatever the assent we give to his conclusions, the facts presented by the author's unwearied reading of all the travellers who ever "walked, or flew, or swam, or ran," are in the highest degree curious and interesting, though the perusal of some of his chapters leaves the mind of the reader in much the same state as if one had been living for a week on a steady literary diet of "Sunbeams," "Brief Jottings," or any other of those spasmodic and fragmentary columns which, under similar headings, adorn the daily journals.

Those who have groaned under the evils of what a contemporary calls the maternal-in-law relation, will take a malicious pleasure in Sir John's quotation from "James's Expedition," that, among the Omahaws, "neither the father-in-law nor mother-in-law will hold any direct communication with their son-in-law; nor will he, on any occasion or under any consideration, converse immediately with them, although no ill-will exists between them. They will not on any account mention each other's name in company nor look in each other's faces; any conversation that passes between them is conducted through the medium of some other person."

No less singular is the custom existing in Béarn, under the name of *La Coucade*, and among many races of South America, Greenland, Kamtschatka, China, Borneo, Spain, and Corsica, alluded to in Brett's "Guiana" in the following terms:

"On the birth of a child, the ancient Indian etiquette requires the father to take to his hammock, where he remains some days, as if he were sick, and receives the congratulations and condolence of his friends. An instance of this custom came under my own observation, where the man, in robust health and excellent condition, without a single bodily ailment, was lying in his hammock in the most provoking manner, and carefully and respectfully attended by the women, while the mother of the new-born infant was cooking, none apparently regarding her."

In his chapters on Marriage and Relationship, Sir John Lubbock cites a variety of authorities and observations in support of his thesis that "the lowest races have no institution of marriage. True love is almost unknown among them; and marriage, in its lowest phases, is by no means a matter of affection and companionship." It would be tedious to follow him through the discussion of the various stages of polygamy and polyandry (or plurality of husbands), as of the various races which fall under the head of exogamous, or those who must marry wives from without—and endogamous, or those who must marry within—their own tribe. Many of his facts indicate at least a tendency on the part of primitive races to the state of communal marriage, or property in wives shared with all the members of the tribe. His discussion with Mr. McLennan as to the conclusion to be drawn from the actual or typical practice of marriage by capture, if it does nothing else, clearly establishes the fact that the idea of marriage—with us the most sacred, intimate, and tender of all relations—to the savage mind brought no associations but those of wrong and spoliation. The aboriginal wife was a victim and a slave, not an idol or a companion; and the Fifth Avenue bride, as she moves up the aisle to the solemn peals of the organ, blushing beneath her wreaths of gauze and orange-flowers, would sicken and turn pale if she could see her Australian prototype "stunned by blows, with clubs or wooden swords, on head, back, and shoulders," "dragged through the woods by one arm" over stock and stone, and left in the bush to recover from her insensibility as she may, the needful social pleasantness being restored by "a certain compensation price being paid to her relatives."

In strangely logical, but to us shocking, relation with this view of marriage stand "those curious cases in which Hetære were held in greater estimation than those women who were, as we should consider, properly and respectably married to a single husband. The former were originally fellow-countrywomen and relations; the latter captives and slaves. And even when this ceased to be the case, the idea would long survive the circumstances which gave rise to it." In singular appropriateness of contrast

* "The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man. By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., F.R.S." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

with the late excited discussion of the "social evil" is the following little bit of Indian history, which reads like a sketch from some Hindoo *Régence*:

"In the famous Indian city of Vesali marriage was forbidden, and high rank attached to the lady who held office as Chief of the Courtesans. When the Holy Buddha (Sakyamuni) in his old age visited Vesali, he was lodged in a garden belonging to the chief of the courtesans, and received a visit from this grand lady, who drove out to see him, attended by her suite in stately carriages. Having approached and bowed down, she took her seat on one side of him, and listened to a discourse on Dharma. On entering the town she met the rulers of Vesali gorgeously apparelled; but their equipages made way for her. They asked her to resign to them the honor of entertaining Sakyamuni, but she refused; and the great man himself, when solicited by the rulers in person, also refused to break his engagement with the lady."

We spare the reader anything more than a hint at the chapter on Religions and Superstitions, from which, as we have suggested above, the student emerges, his head in a whirl with feverish visions of fetiches, charms, stars, idols, incantations, amulets, and the like articles of "bigotry and virtue," and out of which he is lucky if any clear thought or consequent conclusion remains. Very suggestive, however, although not, perhaps, very novel, are the passages about the savage who pummels or mutilates his fetic in order the better to get his will of him, or eats him that he may absorb his qualities. As an illustration of the firm faith of certain savage races in a future state, and their vivid realization of its close and immediate relation with this, the author quotes from Wilkes's Exploring Expedition an account of the Fijians which somewhat strains our powers of belief. The old people, he declares, believing that they shall carry with them, on their journey over to the awful Unknown, the same provision of bodily activity and vigor they possessed at their death, are anxious, on the approach of decrepitude, to be put out of the way as soon as possible; and it is a high and sacred duty, which no good son will willingly entrust to any deputy, to preside at this friendly removal of his own parents. Thus, Mr. Hunt, on being invited by a young man to attend his mother's funeral,

"Joined the procession, but, surprised to see no corpse, he made enquiries, when the young man pointed out his mother, who was walking along with them as gay and lively as any of those present, and apparently as much pleased. Mr. Hunt expressed his surprise to the young man, and asked how he could deceive him so much by saying that his mother was dead when she was alive and well. He said in reply that they had made her death-feast, and were now going to bury her; that she was old; that his brother and himself had thought that she had lived long enough, and it was time to bury her, to which she had willingly assented, and they were about it now. He added that it was from love for his mother that he had done so; that in consequence of the same love they were now going to bury her, and that none but themselves could or ought to do such a sacred office! Mr. Hunt did all in his power to prevent so diabolical an act; but the only reply he received was that she was their mother, and they were her children, and they ought to put her to death."

And the patient old lady was accordingly strangled in pursuance of this singular law of filial affection. After this, the quip about the lover who was so fond of his mistress that he wanted to eat her seems quite simple; if we could add that the young lady was equally anxious to be eaten, the analogy would be complete. We cannot, however, suppress an emotion of doubt at the closing paragraph, that "so general was this custom, that in one town containing several hundred inhabitants, Captain Wilkes did not see one man over forty years of age, (!) all the old people having been buried."

The author's essay on language, in less than thirty pages, is, of course, hasty and crude; though replete with ingenious suggestions, original or borrowed, it is, on the whole, an odd mixture of learning and whimsical invention. Where, however, he illustrates the impossibility for the lower savages of conceiving numbers higher than three or four, he gives a very droll illustration from Galton's book on Tropical South Africa, where the traveller, after describing the confusion of a Dammaru savage at the stupefying calculation that two sheep at two sticks of tobacco apiece made four sticks, adds:

"Once, while I watched a Dammaru floundering hopelessly in a calculation on one side of me, I observed Dinah, my spaniel, equally embarrassed on the other. She was overlooking half-a-dozen of her new-born puppies which had been removed two or three times from her, and her anxiety was excessive as she tried to find out if they were all present or if any were still missing. She kept puzzling and running her eyes over them, backwards and forwards, but could not satisfy herself. She evidently had a vague notion of counting, but the figure was too large for her brain. Taking the two as they stood, dog and Dammaru, the comparison reflected no great honor on the man."

The author's essays in the appendix seem, as we have hinted above, a little confused in statement, and not very consequent in logical form. But

without quarrelling with him about route or conveyance, most readers will probably land very cheerfully with him at his journey's end, namely:

That existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors.

That the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism.

That from this condition several races have independently raised themselves.

On the whole, the kaleidoscopic picture of human imbecility, cruelty, superstition, and brutal stupidity or insensibility presented by the volume before us is suggestive of reflections far too wide and pregnant for the limits of our review. A very lovely and gifted woman, whose name is now historical in the associations of the great war, used to say that before the broad solid ground of natural likeness and common humanity in all men and women, petty and partial differences of race or temper, habit or education, sank into insignificance. We must sadly confess that we rise from the perusal of this work with a different conviction.

MOLLOY'S GEOLOGY AND REVELATION.*

THE most remarkable feature about this little volume is that it is the work of a Roman Catholic priest—a professor in the College of Maynooth, the fountain-head of the faith in Ireland. It surely is not without meaning that, at the very time that the mother church is making a last desperate fight against the science of to-day, two of its ablest fathers—our author and Pianciani, in Rome—should be at work trying to reconcile its most heterodox teachings with the doctrines of the true faith. His first two hundred and seventy-nine pages are occupied by Dr. Molloy with a tolerably well-written account of the elementary teachings of geology. He evidently knows nothing of the science in an original way, but his training in exegesis has enabled him to ascertain and set forth the essential teachings of the great masters of geology with greater clearness than we find displayed in many synoptical works on this subject from the hands of professional geologists. Some mistakes there are, as when, depicting the life of the triassic time, he speaks of our knowing "foot-prints of birds at least twice the size of those made by the horse or camel." We have guessed at their bird-like character; the creatures which made them may be, in fact, about as like a "horse or camel" as true birds. But the range of error in the statements is, as may be judged from our example, very small.

The second part of the book covers only about one-third the space occupied by the recapitulation of the history of the globe, yet it is the only part to which the author lays any claim to originality, and this he may fairly claim; for, although it is in the main a restatement of the arguments which have been made for the correspondence between the geological and Mosaic record, by Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Buckland, Hugh Miller, and others, there is no doubt that it is on some accounts stronger than any yet made. Yet we cannot but believe that the source of the strength is something which shows the inherent difficulties in the way of a reconciliation of the Mosaic account of creation and that which is given us by the geologists. Of course, at the very outset of his argument, Dr. Molloy endeavors to show that the Mosaic word *day* means not the time of the earth's revolution, but some great division of time. This view is not at all improbable on its face, and we may acknowledge freely that the arguments urged for it are quite convincing. His arguments in support of the idea that there was an interval of indefinite duration between the creation and the first Mosaic day are also very ingenious, and do much to help us to clear away the more apparent difficulties arising from a literal acceptance of the Mosaic record. The infinite cleverness of the educated priest in dealing with all matters of interpretation is beautifully shown in all this preliminary critical work. It is worth reading as a fine specimen of clerical tactics of that difficult kind which can only be compared to the hazardous manoeuvre of changing front in the face of an enemy. Under a fire of quotations from the heavy guns of the church—St. Augustine, St. Basil, St. Victor, and much more of the best church ordinance—our author tries to withdraw the forces of the church from positions so long held in defence of the true faith, but which are becoming untenable under the attacks of heretic investigators, to other and stronger grounds for defence. The movement has been well made, but we cannot consider the line of retreat very well chosen. Our author makes the task of reconciliation easy by proving that Moses meant nothing like what his language must have been supposed by his hearers to mean. We do not think any one would maintain that a mortal ever thought that Moses meant something else than a day when he used the Hebrew term for that division of time,

* "Geology and Revelation: or, The Ancient History of the Earth considered in the Light of Geological Facts and Revealed Religion. By the Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D., Prof. of Theology in the Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth." American edition. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1870. 12mo, pp. 330.

until the progress of geological science made it necessary to suppose that he might have intended to have it taken in some other sense. Despite the enormous patience and learning which have been given to the interpretation of this much-discussed chapter of Genesis, our author has not been able to find a single authority among the early fathers who has believed this word day (*yom*) to have the meaning which has been assigned to it by persons seeking to reconcile the Bible and the great stone-book. But at the same time, the accepted canons of criticism are in nowise violated in this interpretation; and, if it would do away with our difficulties, we might accept it.

Unfortunately, the greatest difficulties lie beyond this point. Having replaced the six days of four-and-twenty hours by as many æons, and beyond all of them existing matter, we then proceed to compare the modified scheme with the geological record. Our author tabulates the result by assigning the Laurentian, Cambrian, Silurian, and Devonian formations to the first and second days; the Permian and Carboniferous, to the third and fourth days; the fifth includes the Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous; the sixth, the whole Tertiary; and the seventh day, or the day of God's rest, is the existing or Historic age. It is quite unnecessary to tell any geologist that this scheme has no foundation in fact. It may not be important that there is no sort of proportion about the duration of time of the several days; the first two taking probably twice as much time as all the others; but, to have the scheme mean anything, we must suppose that the divisions between the sections made by this arrangement of the geological record must have some sort of importance. But a broad separation between the Devonian and Carboniferous, or between his second and third days, is one of the things of the old books of our science; the separation is not more marked than between many geological periods of either set of formations. The separation between the other groups of formations which he takes to represent the other days are no longer believed by geologists of the present time to indicate the same great breaks in the course of events which it was once supposed they did; on the contrary, each step forward in geological discovery serves to carry further the conviction that the great breaks which once were described as separating the stages of the earth's history were rather in our knowledge than in the facts themselves. Little by little the series of events has been filled out, until now it seems questionable whether any of the great events of the earth's history have been separated from those which preceded or came after them by sudden and extensive changes. The idea that we are living in a period of tranquillity which is only a calm in the midst of great convulsions is rapidly disappearing, so that we cannot hope that some other arrangement of the scheme for parallelizing the series of geological changes by sharing the periods among the "days" in some other way would be more successful than this we have just discussed. And after all it does not seem that the most devoted Christian need trouble himself about the question of the reconciliation of the Mosaic and geological records: there are many statements in the same set of books which have long since been abandoned as literal statements of fact, as clearly irreconcilable with known physical laws, without seriously impairing the faith of mankind.

THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

"FACTS in Relation to the Expedition ordered by the Administration of President Lincoln for the Relief of the Garrison in Fort Sumter" is the title of the most noticeable article in the magazines of the month. It appears in the *Galaxy*, its author being Mr. Welles, Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, and its object, or rather its result, being to show that Mr.

Seward prevented Major Anderson's getting the effectual relief which it was Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Welles's purpose to send him. Mr. Welles charges, in substance, that had it not been for Mr. Seward's engagements with the Secessionists, the commander of Fort Sumter would have been reinforced and provisioned, and that the responsibility for the fall of that fortress rests not with himself nor with Mr. Lincoln, but with Mr. Seward, who, deceiving the President and overriding the Secretary of the Navy, rendered the expeditionary force of no avail. Precisely what weight should be allowed this accusation, which probably will soon be contradicted, it would, no doubt, be premature to say. It will confirm in their opinion of the late Secretary of State those people who think of him as a veteran politician, with more faith in his own manipulations of other veteran politicians than he ever had in political ideas or in the good sense and good feeling of the party which raised him to office and power. Such persons will see in this paper many things which will make them readier than before to believe that Mr. Seward neither respected nor understood Mr. Lincoln; but that he was willingly and knowingly a traitor it would require more evidence than Mr. Welles furnishes to make anybody believe who remembers Mr. Seward's career, and can recollect the difficulties and uncertainties of the first winter of the rebellion.

The *Catholic World* has for its most interesting article, so far as concerns the literary reader, a translation by Dr. Thomas Parsons of the First Canto of the "Purgatorio." For the religiously minded reader of American birth, perhaps the most interesting article is a review of the book in which Dr. Kent Stone, some time a High-Church Episcopalian, gives an account of the way in which he became a Roman Catholic. "Prince Clement von Metternich," and a sketch of Rachel, and other articles make the *Catholic World* worth looking at.

Scribner's Monthly opens with a poem by Dr. Holland, who appears to very little advantage as a comic writer. In fact, nothing could well be more undesirable as family reading, by reason of its vulgarity, than this performance of the new editor of a magazine which has for its object to study the tastes and wishes of the average family. "A Day with Doctor Bowles" is a lively and pleasant account, by Mrs. M. E. Dodge, of the New York Juvenile Asylum at Fort Washington; Mrs. Harding Davis writes the first instalment of one of her intensely disagreeable stories; the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson takes up the subject of the tameness and weakness of sermons; Mr. William Morris contributes a poem; Mr. George MacDonald begins a novel; Dr. Hayes has a story of Arctic adventure; and, altogether, *Scribner's Monthly* serves as a good substitute for *Hours at Home* and *Putnam's*, which henceforth it displaces.

The November number of *Putnam's* is one which will make it less easy than other numbers have done for the admirers of this magazine to reconcile themselves to its departure, there being several articles in it which are pleasant reading. Miss Wentworth's anecdotes of Mr. Lincoln's hearing petitions are, if not well told, new; Mr. Crane's essay on the Indian and Dutch elements of English, as spoken in America, is entertaining; and the "Pilgrimage to Peking" is opportune.

Of *Harper's* and the *Atlantic* for November it is not necessary to speak, as neither is different in any respect, whether as regards author's subjects or treatment, from the ordinary numbers of these magazines. Mr. Curtis talks agreeably of King William's predecessor and of Father Hyacinth's harmless Protestantism, and Mr. Howells has several very readable book-notices. Readable, too, is Colonel Higginson's "Footpaths;" and Miss Kate Field's essay on Mr. Fechter's rendition of *Hamlet* will please that gentleman's most enthusiastic admirers.

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